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LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

BY NEWMANN.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will—remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost a while!

A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

ALONE at last; the ghastly fear, the terrible dread, overwhelmed Hyacinth. The paper dropped from her hands, and she fell, with a low shuddering cry, on her knees. The news was too cruel, too dreadful, too horrible. She moaned rather than cried—

"Oh, merciful Heaven, let me die, let me die!"

The fear that was upon her was far more trying than any physical anguish. Who would have recognized her crouching there with fever in her brain, with anguish in her heart, as the beautiful brilliant girl who had quitted that same room a few hours since, radiant with love and hope?

Then she took up the paper, and with wild distended eyes read this paragraph:

"SHOCKING MURDER AT LEEBRIDGE.—The whole of this district has been thrown into the greatest consternation by the discovery of a terrible murder that has been committed in the pleasant meadows near the railway station. On Thursday morning, as John Deane, a laborer, was going to his work, his attention was attracted by something lying under the hedge in the field known as Lime Meadow. He found on inspection that it was the body of a woman who had been most cruelly murdered. He hastened to the police-station and gave information to Inspector Henderson. The inspector went at once to the spot with two of his men. The woman had been dead, it was supposed, over two hours; there were signs of a violent struggle; and she had evidently tried hard to defend herself.

"At first no clue could be discovered as to her identity or that of her murderer; but it was seen that she held a handkerchief tightly clenched in her hands. With some difficulty it was taken away, and the name 'Claude Lennox' was found upon it. Further search brought to light a folded paper, on which the address of Mr. Lennox was written in full. The woman's clothes were marked Anna Barrett. She was quite a stranger to the neighborhood, and no one remembers to have seen her before. The police immediately began to make inquiries, the result of which was the apprehension of Claude Lennox on the charge of wilful murder. He has been brought before the magistrates at Ashton, and the evidence given is very strong against him.

"Mr. Lennox is the nephew of Colonel Lennox of Ashton Park; and it appears that, much to the Colonel's anger and annoyance, the young gentleman was absent all Wednesday night. A porter at Leebridge Station swears to having seen Mr. Lennox in company with some woman—whose features did not see—quite early on Thursday morning. He noticed him particularly, because Mr. Lennox seemed anxious that his companion should escape all observation. He saw them walk towards the meadow, but, not having seen the woman's face, could not identify her. Thomas Hannan, a signalman, also swore the same facts.

"Robert Cliffe, a day laborer, deposed that, as he was going to work early on Thursday morning, he saw the accused walking alone and hurriedly towards the park. He thought the gentleman looked agitated. The prisoner admitted at once that the handkerchief and the folded paper containing the address were his, but refused to explain how they came into the possession of the deceased. He swore that he was not guilty of the murder, and that the woman was a stranger to him. When asked to state where he had been during the night, he declined. When asked if he could prove an alibi—if he could bring any witnesses to prove where he had been—he replied, abruptly, that it was impossible—he could not do it. The magistrates have committed him for trial at the Loadstone assizes, and, unless he can give some satisfactory information as to where he passed the night of Thursday, the weight of circumstantial evidence will tell strongly against him. The refusal of Mr. Lennox to make any exculpatory statement has created a great sensation in the neighborhood. The assizes commences on the twenty-third of July."

The paper fell from Hyacinth's trembling hands, and a terrible moan came from her lips. Clear as the daylight the incidents of that morning rose before her in their full horror.

Whatever happened, cost what it would, she must go—she must clear Claude. No one in the wide world knew that he was innocent, no one could clear him, but herself.

Dear Heaven, how plainly the whole scene rose before her! The dewy meadows lying so still and calm in the half light—the woman's pale face and bruised hand! How well she remembered wrapping Claude's handkerchief round it! How kind and compassionate Claude had been to her!

"He will kill me some day," the woman had said, speaking of her husband—Hyacinth could hear the voice even now. That was nearly a month ago, and kind, generous, reckless Claude had been lying in prison ever since on a charge of wilful murder. He could not incriminate her; he might have rebutted the whole charge by telling the story of that night and calling her as a witness, but he would not do so. She had not thought there was such generosity, such chivalry in him. It was a noble thing of him to refuse to speak, but he must not lose his life for her!

The more she weighed the evidence, the more startled she was to find how strongly circumstances were against Claude. She must clear him. If he would not speak, she must.

What would it cost her? Ah, Heaven, more than her life—her love! If she went into court to tell the truth, she could never hope to see Adrian again. He who valued purity, delicacy, refinement, and truth so highly—what would he say when he found that she had not only carried on a clandestine correspondence, deceived those with whom she lived, and stolen out to meet her lover, but had eloped with him—had left home, had traveled as far as Leebridge with him, had walked through the fields with him, and then, repenting, had gone back? What would he say when he knew all? She remembered how sternly he had spoken about Lady Wallace—what would he say of her?

She was more unfortunate, more disgraced. Her name henceforward would be associated with a murder case. She, a Vaughan, one of the race, as Lady Vaughan had told her that morning, that had never experienced, even the shadow of disgrace or shame—she who had been, as they believed, so carefully kept from the world, so shielded from all its snares—she to bow those gray heads with sorrow, and slay her love with unmerited shame!

She was as one fastened to a stake; turn which way she would, her torture increased. Could she take advantage of Claude's honorable silence, and, saving herself like a coward, let him die? Ah, no, she could not. "Loyal, even unto death," was the motto of her race; she could not do that. If she did—though her secret would be safe, her miserable weakness never be known—she would hate herself, loathe her life, so shamefully laden with secrecy and sin.

The temptation to take advantage of Claude's chivalrous silence lasted only a few moments. She would not have purchased life and love at such a price. She must save him.

What would it cost her? Her love—ah, yes, her love! She would never see Adrian again; he would never speak to one so disgraced. For she did not hide from herself the extent of that disgrace: she who had been reared as a lily in the seclusion of home would become, for a few days at least, the subject of scandal; the name of Hyacinth Vaughan would be lightly spoken by light lips; men who would sneer at her, women turn away when her name was mentioned.

"Oh, how bitterly I am punished!" she cried. "What have I done that I must suffer so?"

She knew that she must go into court when Claude was tried, and tell her shameful story before hard-headed men of the world. She knew that her name and what she had to tell would be commented upon by every newspaper in England. After that, there could be no returning home, no love, no marriage, no safe rest in a haven of peace. It would be all at an end. She might lie down and die afterwards; the world would be closed to her.

Only a few hours ago she had lain on that little white bed scarcely able to bear the weight of her own happiness. How long was it since Adrian had asked her to be his wife? The misery, the pain, the anguish of a hundred years seemed to have passed over her head since then.

"Oh, if I had but refused to go when Claude asked me!" she cried, in a voice of anguish. "If I had only been true to what I knew was right! I am bitterly punished."

Not more bitterly than he was. The thought seemed to strike her suddenly. He had been in prison for over three weeks; he had been charged with the most terrible crime—he whose only fault was that of loving her too well. She must save him.

Then with a sudden thrill of fear she remembered how near the assizes were—they were to be held on the twenty-third, and this was the twentieth. She would have only just time to reach Loadstone. She must say good-bye to those who loved her, and had watched over her; she must leave all her love, her hope, her happiness behind, and go forth to save him who was willing to give even his life to save her.

She must go. She must find out how she could reach England. The great brooding anguish of despair seemed to have fallen over her; her heart ached until it could ache no more; she wept until she seemed to have no more tears; she appeared to grow insensible to the pain that was wearing her fair young life away.

"I must go to-morrow night," she said to herself. "I shall see Adrian just once again, and then I must bid him farewell for ever. Oh, my love, my love!"

She flung herself upon the ground, and wept until the morning dawned and the summer sun peeped into the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

She was roused from her heavy trance of exhaustion and grief by a knock at her door. It was one of the housemaids bearing in her hands a bouquet of beautiful flowers—"From Mr. Darcy." The girl looked in wonder at her young lady's pale face and heavy eyes.

"You do not seem well this morning, miss," she said.

"I have not slept," returned Hyacinth.

But the few words put her on her guard. She bathed her face, rearranged her hair, and changed her dress, though the weight of misery lay like a weight of lead upon her.

Then Lady Vaughan, thinking that she was tired from the emotion and shock of the previous evening, sent word that Miss Vaughan had better remain in her own room for a few hours. The hapless girl was thankful for the respite.

"I could not have assumed indifference before them," she said. "I must have broken down."

She looked so terribly ill, so ghastly pale that, when Pincott brought her breakfast, she started in alarm.

"There is nothing the matter," said Hyacinth, "but that I did not sleep well." Pincott went away only half satisfied.

Hyacinth managed to obtain a railway guide. A train would leave Bergheim at ten that night, and reach Ostend on the following morning before the boat started. She would have time to secure a passage, and cross. She could take the mail train from Dover, and reach Loadstone so as to be in time for the trial.

At ten that night she must go. She had run away from home once before. Then she had been blinded, tempted, and persuaded—then she had believed herself going straight into the fairyland of love and happiness; but now it was all changed. She was running away once more; but this time she was leaving all her hope, all the happiness of her life behind her.

It was well for her that the dull stupor of exhaustion fell over her, or the pain she was suffering must have killed her. She did not know how the time passed. It was like one long, cruel dream of anguish, until the summons came for luncheon. Then she went downstairs. Adrian was not there—that was some consolation. She looked quickly round the room.

"How could I look on his face and live, knowing that I shall see it no more?" she said to herself.

It was like a horrible travesty—the movements of the servants, the changing of the dishes, Lady Vaughan's anxiety about the cold chicken, Sir Arthur's complaint about the wine, while her heart was breaking, and Claude lay in the prison from which she must free him.

Lady Vaughan was very kind to her. She expressed great concern at seeing her look so ill—tried to induce her to eat some grapes—told her that Adrian was coming to dinner, and would bring some friends with him; then said a few words about Claude, pitied his mother, yet blamed her

for not bringing him up better, and the ordeal was over.

Hyacinth went away from the dining-room with a faint, low moan.

"How shall I bear it," she said—"how shall I live through it?"

It was two o'clock then. How were the long hours to be passed? How was she to bear the torture of her own thoughts? Whither could also she go for refuge? Suddenly it occurred to her that she had no money. How was she to travel to England without some?

She did not give herself time for thought; if she had, her courage would have failed her. She went to Sir Arthur's room, and tapped at the door. The tremulous, feeble voice bade her enter. Sir Arthur was writing some letters. She went up to him.

"Grandpapa," she said, "I have no money—and I want some. Will you give me a little, please?"

He looked at her with surprise—she had never made such a request to him before.

"Money, child," he repeated—"of course you shall have some. You want to buy some trinkets—something for Adrian. What shall I give you—ten—twenty pounds?"

"Twenty, if you please," she said.

He drew a small cash-box near to him, and counted twenty bright sovereigns into her hand.

"Five more, for luck!" he said, with a smile. "Always come to me when you want money, Hyacinth."

She kissed him—he was so kind, and she had to leave him so soon.

"Good girl," he said. "You will be very happy, Hyacinth. Adrian Darcy is the noblest man in the wide world."

She turned aside with a groan. Alas! Adrian Darcy was to be nothing to her—in this terrible future that was coming he would have no place. Then she went to her own room, and sat there mute and still. Pincott came to dress her, and the girl went through her toilet mechanically. She never remembered what dress she wore. The maid asked something about it, and Hyacinth looked up with a vague, dreamy expression.

"It does not matter—anything will do," she said, almost wondering that people could think of such trifles when life and death were in the balance.

"There has been a lover's quarrel," thought Pincott, "and my young lady does not care how she looks."

When the bell rang Hyacinth went down. How she suffered when she looked in her lover's face and listened to his voice, knowing that it was for the last time! She did not even hear the name of his friends, when they were introduced to her. She sat wondering whether any one living had ever gone through such torture before—wondering why it did not kill her; and then it seemed to her but two or three minutes before dinner was over. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon—two of the visitors—suggested that they should go out into the grounds; and Adrian, delighted at the chance of a tete-a-tete with Hyacinth, gladly consented.

In after years she liked to recall this last interview.

"Let us walk to the waterfall," said Adrian. "I shall have a photograph taken of it, Cynthy, because it reminds me so much of you."

She said to herself that he would not when he knew all—that he would hate it, and would not think of the place.

They sat down in the old favorite resort. Suddenly she turned to him and clasped his hand with one of hers.

"Adrian," she asked, "do you love me very much?"

The face bent over hers afforded answer sufficient.

"Love you?" he replied. "I do not think, Hyacinth, that I could love you more; to me it does not seem possible."

"If you were to lose me, then, it would be a great sorrow?"

"Lose you!" he cried. "Why, Cynthy, I would rather ten thousand times over lose my own life!"

She liked to remember afterwards how he drew her head upon his breast—how he caressed her and murmured sweet words of tenderness to her—how he told her of his love in such ardent words that the fervor of them lasted with her until she died.

It was for the last time. A great solemn calm of despair fell over her. To-morrow she would be far away; his arms would never enfold her, his eyes never linger on her, his lips never touch her more. It was for the last time, and she loved him better than her life; but for her sin and folly, she would now have been the happiest girl in the wide world.

"My darling," he murmured, "as though weak words could tell how dear you are to me!"

He kissed her trembling lips, and then she broke from him with a cry. She could bear no more. She fled through the vine grove crying to herself with bitter tears.

"If I could but die! Oh, Heaven, be merciful to me, and let me die!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"GOOD NIGHT, Hyacinth," Lady Vaughan said, when, half an hour afterwards, the girl went to her with a white face and cold rigid lips—"good night. I hope to see you something like yourself to-morrow—you do not seem well."

And, for the last time, Hyacinth Vaughan kissed the fair stately old face. "To-morrow—ah, where would she be to-morrow?"

"You have been very kind to me," she murmured, "and I am not ungrateful."

Afterwards Lady Vaughan understood why the girl lingered near her, why she kissed the withered wrinkled hands with such passionate tenderness, why her lips opened as though she would fain speak, and then closely mutely. She thought of Hyacinth's strange manner for several minutes after the young girl had quitted her.

"That terrible news shocked her. She is very sensitive and very tender-hearted—the Vaughans are all the same. I am heartily glad she is to marry Adrian; he is gentle enough to understand and firm enough to manage her. I shall have no more anxiety about the child."

* * * * * *

Hyacinth had looked her last on them and had spoken to them for the last time. She stood in her room now waiting until there should be a chance of leaving the hotel unnoticed. Then it suddenly struck her how great would be the consternation on the morrow, when she was missed. What would Adrian do or say—he who loved her so dearly? She went to her little desk and wrote a note to him. She addressed it, and left it on the toilet-table of her room.

Then she went quietly downstairs. No one was about. She opened the great hall-door and went out. Some few people still lingered in the grounds; she was not noticed. She walked down the long carriage-drive, and then stood in the street of the little town alone.

She found her way to the station. A great despairing cry was rising from her heart to her lips, but she stifled it; a faint, strange sensation, as though life were leaving her, came over her. She nerved herself.

"I must live until he is free," she said, with stern determination—"then death will be welcome."

They were no idle words that she spoke; all that life held brightest, dearest, and best was past for her. Her only hope was that she might reach Loadstone in time to save Claude.

She knew how soon she would be missed, and how easily she might be tracked. Suppose that they sent or went to her room and found it empty, and then made enquiries and learned that she had taken a ticket for Ostend? They could not overtake the train, but they could telegraph to Ostend and stop her. In that case she would be too late to save Claude.

The station was full of people. She saw a lad among them—he seemed to be about fifteen—and she went up to him.

"Are you going to Ostend?" she asked.

He doffed his cap and bowed.

"I am going by this train," he replied. "Can I be of any service to the Fraulein?"

"I am always nervous in a crowd," she said—"will you buy my ticket?"

He took the money. He could not see her face, it was veiled, but he could distinguish its white, rigid misery, and, full of wonder, he complied with her request. In a short time he returned with the ticket.

"Can I do anything else for you, Fraulein?" he asked.

"No," she replied, thanking him; and all the way to Ostend the lad mused over the half-hidden beauty of that face, and the dreary tones of the sad young voice.

"There is some mystery," he said; and afterwards, when he had read the papers, he know what the mystery was.

She was safely seated in the farthest corner of a second-class carriage at last, her heart beating so that each throb seemed to send a thrill of fiery pain through her. Would she be in time? The train was an express one, and was considered unusually fast, but it seemed slow to her—so slow. Her heart beat fast and her pulse throbbed quickly. Her face burned as with a flaming fire.

"What shall I do," she thought, with a terrified face, "if I fall ill and cannot save him? Suppose—my brain is on fire now—suppose it becomes worse, and when the train stops I have no sense left to speak? They will try him—they will sentence him to death before I arrive. He will perhaps be dead when I am able to speak. What shall I do?" And the dread so overpowered her that she cried aloud in her anguish.

"Are you ill?" asked a fellow-traveler, kindly.

"No, I was dreaming," she replied, hurriedly.

She pressed her hand on her hot brow—she tried to still the quick nervous beatings of her heart; but all was in vain. The night was hot; the atmosphere seemed overcharged with electricity; there was not a breath of air stirring; the noisy clang of the wheels seemed to pierce her brain; a sound as of rushing torrents filled her ears. She tried to calm herself—to steady those quivering nerves—to remember what she could have to say in a short time, when she would be standing before a tribunal of justice to save Claude's life. She tried and failed in the effort; she broke down and laughed a strange unnatural laugh.

The noise of the train drowned it; the monotonous clangor of the wheels dulled all other sound. The next minute the over-strained nerves—the over-taxed brain—had given away, and she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

* * * * * *

The train drew near to Ostend, and those who loved her had not discovered Hyacinth's flight.

Lady Vaughan wondered she did not come down as usual to breakfast. Pincott went to see if she was up. She tapped at the door; there was no answer, and the maid went to tell her lady.

"I am almost glad," said Lady Vaughan; "she looked very ill last night. She is sleeping; do not awaken her, Pincott."

But when noon came, and Hyacinth had not rung, Pincott went to her room again. She opened the door this time and walked in. The room was empty, the bed had not been slept in, and there was no trace of Miss Vaughan.

The woman turned quite white, and sank, half fainting, on a chair. She was frightened. Presently, recovering herself a little, she looked round.

"How foolish I am!" she thought. "Miss Vaughan must have gone down unknown to me, and her room has been arranged."

Still she trembled, with a strange presentiment of dread. Suddenly her eyes fell upon the note addressed to Mr. Darcy—it was sealed.

"There can be no harm in my giving him this," she said.

She went downstairs and made inquiries about Miss Vaughan. No one had seen her—she could hear nothing of her. Then Pincott went to her lady. It so happened that Mr. Darcy was chatting with her.

"What do you say?" interrupted Lady Vaughan, sharply. "You cannot find Miss Vaughan? Pray use your common sense, Pincott; do not say such absurd things."

But Adrian had caught sight of the note in the maid's hand.

"What is this?" he asked.

"I found it in Miss Vaughan's room, sir," said Pincott; "it is addressed to you."

He took it from her and opened it. As he read a deadly pallor came over his face.

"Great Heavens!" he cried. "What can this mean?"

Lady Vaughan asked what had happened.

He passed the note to her, and she read.

"I have looked at you and have spoken to you for the last time, Adrian. I am going away, and I shall never see any of you again. You will try to comfort Lady Vaughan. Pray Heaven my sin and my disgrace may not kill her.

"You shall find out from the newspapers what I have gone to do; and oh, my lost dear love, when you read them, be merciful to me! I was so young, Adrian, and I longed so for some of the brightness of life. I never loved him; and, as you will see, I repented—ah, me, so sorely!—before half of the journey was accomplished. I have never loved any one but you—and that I have lost you is more bitter than death.

"Many people have died from less suffering than that which I am undergoing now. Oh, Adrian, I do not think I deserved this terrible punishment! I did not mean to do anything very wrong. I do not ask you to forgive me; I know you never can. You will fling off all thought of me as of one unworthy. I told you I was unworthy; but I—oh, Adrian—I shall love you until I die! All my thoughts will be of you; and I pray to Heaven that I may die when I have achieved what I am going to do. Living, you must loathe me; dead, you will pity me.

"Adrian, I have written your name here. I have wept hot bitter tears over it; I have kissed it; and now I must part from you, my heart's own love! Farewell for ever and ever more.

"HYACINTH."

"What does it all mean?" he cried, great drops of anguish gathering on his brow. "Where is the child? What has she done?"

"I do not know," said Lady Vaughan—"I cannot understand it, Adrian. She has done nothing. What can she have done? All her life has been passed with me."

"I shall see in the newspapers what she has done, she says. What can she mean?"

A sudden light seemed to break in upon him; he turned to Lady Vaughan.

"Rely upon it," he said, "it is some fancy of hers about that murder. I shall not lose a moment. I shall go in search of her."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Court at Loadstone was crowded to excess. Since the town was built there had never been so great a sensation. The terrible murder at Oakton had been a subject of discussion over all England. The Colonel was one of the most popular men in the country; he had always been very proud and very exclusive, and the county had grown proud of the old aristocrat. It was a terrible blow to it when his nephew was charged with wilful murder, and placed in Loadstone gaol.

All the elite of the county had crowded to the trial. Loadstone had never been so full; the hotels could not hold half the number who flocked to hear Claude Lennox tried. There were no more lodgings to be had for love or money. It was not only the county people who testified their interest. Claude Lennox was well known, and had been courted, popular, and eagerly feted in London drawing-rooms. Many of his old friends, members of his club, came down to see him tried.

All the leading papers of the day had sent their representatives. Quite early in the morning the streets were lined, and people fought for places. Quite early in the morning, too, all the blinds at Oakton Park had been pulled down, as though some one lay dead in the house.

It was an unusual case because of the rank, wealth, and position of the accused—Claude Lennox, the idol of London coteries, the Adonis of the clubs, the heir of grand, exclusive Colonel Lennox. Then the murder seemed so utterly motiveless. The young man swore most solemnly that he knew nothing of the deceased—that she was a stranger whom he had relieved. The handkerchief found upon her he said was his, and that it had been given from motives of charity, to bind her bruised hand. The address on the scrap of paper he admitted was in his own writing—he had given it to her, hoping that either his mother or his aunt would be able to find work for her.

More than that he refused to say. He refused to account for his time—to say where he had been that night—to make any attempt to prove an alibi. He was asked who was his companion at Oakton station, and he refused to answer. His lawyer was in despair. The able counsel whom his distracted mother had sent to his assistance declared themselves completely nonplussed.

"Tell us how you passed the night," they had said, "so that we may know what line of defence to adopt."

"I cannot," he replied. "I swear most solemnly that I know nothing of the murder. More than that I cannot say."

"It is probable you may pay for your obstinacy with your life," said Serjeant Burton, one of the shrewdest lawyers in England.

"There are things more painful even than death," Claude replied, calmly; and then the Serjeant clapped his hands.

"There is a woman in the case," he said—"I am aware of it."

Serjeant Burton and Mr. Landon were retained as counsel for Claude; but never were counsel more hopeless about their case than they. They could call no witnesses in Claude's favor—they did not know whom to call.

"He will lose his life," said Mr. Landon, with a groan. "What infatuation! What folly! It strikes me he could clear himself if he would."

But the twenty-third of July had come round, and as yet Claude had made no effort to clear or defend himself. The morning of his trial had dawned at last. It was a warm, beautiful summer day; the sun shone bright and warm. Load-

stone streets were filled, and Leadstone Assize Court crowded.

There was quite a solemn hush when the case of "The Crown v. Lennox" came on. Most of those present knew Claude Lennox—some intimately, others by sight. They looked curiously at him, as he stood in the dock; the air of aristocratic ease and elegance that had always distinguished him was there still, but the handsome face had lost its debonair expression; there were deep lines upon it—lines of thought and of care.

"How do you plead, prisoner at the bar—Guilty, or Not guilty?"

The silence was profound.

"Not guilty, my lord," replied the clear voice; and in some vague way a thrill of conviction shot through each one that the words were true.

Then the business of the trial began. All present noticed the depressed air of the prisoner's counsel and the confident look of the counsel for the prosecution.

"No rebutting evidence," seemed to be the mysterious whisper circulating through the court.

Then the counsel for the prosecution stated his case. It seemed clear and conclusive against the accused; yet the dauntless face and upright figure were hardly those of a murderer.

"The prisoner was absent from home the whole of the night on which the murder was committed; he was seen at Leebridge station with a woman; he was observed to walk with her towards the meadows where the body was found; his handkerchief was found tightly clenched in her hands, and his London address in her pocket; witnesses would swear to having seen him return alone to Oakton Park, looking terribly agitated."

At the same time the counsel for the Crown admitted that there had been no witnesses to the deed; that no possible motive could be ascribed for the murder; that against the moral character of Mr. Lennox there was not one word to say; that no weapon had been found near the scene of the murder; that on the clothes worn by Mr. Lennox at the time there was not the least stain of human blood. These were points, the counsel admitted, that were in favor of the accused.

At this juncture, just as people were remarking how depressed the prisoner's counsel were looking, there was some slight commotion in the crowded court. A note, written in pencil, was handed to Serjeant Burton; as he read it a sudden light came over his face, and he hastily quitted his seat, first handing the note to the junior counsel, who read—

"I have evidence to give that will save Mr. Lennox's life. Can you spare a few minutes to hear what I have to say?

"HYACINTH VAUGHAN."

Serjeant Burton was absent for a little while; but he returned in time to hear the concluding part of the opposing counsel's speech. It told hard against the accused, but the learned Serjeant only smiled as he listened. He seemed to have grown wonderfully composed.

Then the witnesses for the prosecution were called, and gave their evidence clearly enough. Some in court, who had felt sure of Claude's innocence before, began to waver now. Who was with him at Leebridge? That was the point. There was no cross-examination of the witnesses.

"I have no questions to ask," said the counsel. "My client admits the perfect truth of the evidence."

"This is my case, gentlemen of the jury," concluded the counsel for the prosecution, as he sat down.

"And it is a strong one too," thought most of the people present. "How can all these facts be explained away?"

Then Serjeant Burton rose.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "this is the most painful case I have ever conducted; a more grievous mistake than this accusation of murder against an innocent gentleman has never been made. I will prove to you, not only that he is quite innocent of the crime, but that, in his chivalrous generosity, he would rather have forfeited his life than utter one word in his own defence which could shadow even in the slightest a woman's honor. I will prove to you that, although the accused was at Leebridge with a lady, and not only spoke to, but relieved the deceased, yet that he is entirely innocent of the crime laid to his charge."

The silence that followed was profound. For the first time Claude's face grew anxious, and he looked hurriedly around.

"The first witness I shall call," said the learned counsel, "is one who will tell you where Mr. Lennox spent his time on the night of the murder; will tell you how he relieved the poor woman; will, in short, give such evidence as shall entirely free him from this most foul charge. Call Miss Hyacinth Vaughan."

At the mention of the name the prisoner started, and his face flushed crimson.

"Why did she come?" some one near heard him murmur. "I would have died for her."

Then, amidst profound and breathless silence, there entered the witness-box a graceful girlish figure, on which all eyes were immediately bent.

She raised her veil, and a thrill of admiration went through that thronged assembly as the beautiful colorless face, so lovely, so pure, so full of earnest purpose, was turned to the Judge. She did not seem to notice the hundreds of admiring, wondering eyes—it was as though she stood before the Judge alone.

"Do not speak, Hyacinth," said the prisoner, vehemently; and in a low voice he added, "I can bear it all—do not speak."

"Silence!" spoke the Judge, sternly. "This is a court of justice; we must have no suppression of the truth."

"Your name is Hyacinth Vaughan?" was the first question asked.

"My name is Hyacinth Vaughan," was the reply; and the voice that spoke was so sweet, so sad, so musical, that people bent forward to listen more eagerly.

Serjeant Burton looked at the beautiful, pallid, high-bred face.

"You were in the company of the accused on the night of Wednesday, the twelfth of June?"

"Yes," she said.

"Will you state what happened?" asked the Serjeant, blandly.

Hyacinth looked at the Judge; her lips opened, and then closed, as though she would fain speak but could not. It was an interval of intense excitement in court.

"Will you tell us why you were in his company, Miss Vaughan, and whither you went?" said the Serjeant.

"My lord," she said—for it was at the Judge she looked always—of the presence of the jury she seemed totally ignorant—"I will tell you all about it. I went away with Mr. Lennox—to go to London—to be married there."

"Unknown to your friends?" asked the Judge.

"Unknown to any one."

Here Hyacinth paused, and the lips that had been speaking turned deathly white.

"Tell us about it in your own way, Miss Vaughan," said the Judge—the sight of that tortured young face moved him to deepest pity; "do not be afraid."

Then the fear seemed to die away from her; in all that vast assembly she saw no face but that of the Judge looking steadily and intently at her own.

"My lord," she said, "I was very dull at home; every one was kind to me, but there was no one there of my own age, and I was very dull. I made Mr. Lennox's acquaintance, and I liked him very much—I thought I loved him, and when he asked me to run away from home and marry him I was quite willing."

"But what need was there to run away?" asked the Judge, kindly.

He knew the question pained her, for her lips quivered and her whole face changed.

"In our folly there were reasons that seemed to us to make it imperative," she replied. "My friends had other views for me, and I was to start for the Continent on Friday, the fourteenth of June. It seemed certain to us that unless we were married at once we should never be married at all."

"I understand," put in the Judge, kindly; "go on with your story."

"I did not think much about it, my lord," continued Hyacinth—"that is, about the right and the wrong of it—I thought only of the romance; and we agreed to go up to London by the train that passed Oakton soon after midnight. I left my home and met Mr. Lennox at the end of my grandparents' grounds; we went to the station together. I kept out of sight while he took tickets for both of us at the booking-office."

"The clerk at Oakton station will prove that the accused purchased two tickets," interrupted Serjeant Burton.

The Judge nodded, and the young girl continued.

"We got into the train and went as far as Leebridge. There the train stopped. Mr. Lennox told me that the mail train we were to meet had been delayed by an accident, and that we should have to wait some hours at the station. The morning was breaking then, and we were alarmed lest some one should come to the station who might recognize me. Mr. Lennox suggested that, as the morning was bright and pleasant, we should go through the fields—and I gladly consented."

All this time the clear, sweet young voice had sounded like music in the warmth and silence of the summer air.

"We reached the field called Lime Meadow, and we stood there, leaning over a stile, when I thought I saw something under the hedge. We went to see. It was a woman, who had been sleeping there. My lord, she looked very faint, very wild and weak. We spoke to her. She told us that her name was Anna Barrett, and that she was married, but that she was very unhappy. She was going with her husband to Liverpool. She told us her history, my lord, and it frightened me. She told us that she had once been a bright happy girl at home, and that against her mother's advice she had eloped with the man that sought her hand, and married him. Her words struck me like a sharp blow. She said it was better to break one's heart at home than run away from it. Mr. Lennox was very sorry for her; and, when I saw her poor bruised hand lying on the grass, I bound it up. My lord, I asked Mr. Lennox for his handkerchief, and I wrapped it round her hand."

There was such a murmur of excitement in the court that the speaker was obliged to pause.

"Go on, Miss Vaughan," said the Judge.

Still looking at him, and him only, she continued—

"Mr. Lennox gave her some money. She told us that her husband beat her; that he had bruised her hand, and that she was quite sure he would come back to murder her. Then Mr. Lennox told her, if he feared that, to get up and come away; he gave her two sovereigns, and told her to go to London. He wrote down his address on a piece of folded paper, and told her, if she would either come or write to that address, his mother would befriend her. She asked Heaven to bless us, my lord, and turned her head away as though she were tired. We walked on, and did not see her again."

And again Hyacinth paused, while those in court seemed to hang upon the words that came from her lips.

"Then, my lord," she continued, "I began to think of what she had said—that it was better to break one's heart at home than to run away from it. All at once the folly and wickedness of what I was about to do appeared to me. I began to cry, and begged of Mr. Lennox to take me home. He was very kind to me. When he saw that I really wanted to go home, he took me back to Oakton, and left me in the grounds where we had met so short a time before. My lord, I swear to you most solemnly that this is the whole truth."

"Will you explain to us," enquired the counsel for the prosecution, "why, knowing all this, you have allowed matters to proceed so far against the accused? Why did you not come forward earlier, and reveal the truth?"

"My lord," she said, "I knew nothing of the case until twenty-four hours ago. I started with my grand-parents on the Friday morning for the Continent, and have been living at Bergheim since. I knew of the trial only the night before last, and I came hither at once."

"You came alone, and immediately?"

"Yes," she replied. "I have lost everything by so coming. I can never go back amongst my kindred again. I shall never be forgiven."

There was a brief pause. The foreman of the jury gave a written paper to the usher to be handed to the Judge—a paper which intimated that the jury did not think it necessary to go on with the case, feeling convinced, from the evidence of Miss Vaughan, that Mr. Lennox was perfectly innocent of the crime imputed to his charge. The Judge read the paper carefully, and looking at the witness, said—

"Miss Vaughan, you committed a great error—an error perhaps in some degree excusable from your youth. But you have atoned for it more nobly than error was ever atoned for before. At the risk of losing all most dear to you, and of exposing yourself to the comments of the world, you have come forward to save Mr. Lennox. I, for one, must express my admiration of your conduct. Your evidence has acquitted the prisoner—the jury have intimated that there is no need to proceed with the case."

Then arose cheers that could not be silenced. In vain the Judge held up his hand in warning and the usher cried "Silence!"

"Heaven bless her!" cried the women, with weeping eyes.

"She is a heroine!" the men said, with flushed faces.

There was a general commotion; and, when it had subsided, she had disappeared. Those who watched her to the last said that when the Judge, in his stately manner, praised her, her face flushed and her lips quivered; then it grew deathly pale again, and she glided away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

COCK-A-HOOP.—"Cock-a-hoop" is described in the new English Dictionary as "a phrase of doubtful origin;" but an ingenious attempt is made to explain it. The spigot of a barrel was formerly called the "cock." It was a custom to remove the cock of a barrel of beer and lay it on the "hoop," and drink the beer as it flowed without restraint, the drinkers thereby getting jolly, when they were said to be "cock-a-hoop."

BALM OF GILEAD.—The real Balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub, it is said, which grows in Syria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceed 60 drops a day. According to Josephus, the Balm or Balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspepsia and melancholia.

DON'T QUARREL.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is a quarrel. No man fails to think less of himself after than he did before; it degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, tends to blunt his sensibilities, and increase his irritability. The truth is, that the more peaceably and quietly we get on the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the better course is, if the man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he slanders you, take care to live down his slanders. Let such persons alone, for there is nothing better than this way of dealing with those who injure us.

CURIOUS MARRIAGES.—A curious custom is recorded as existing in Southern India among some of the more primitive non-Aryan tribes. This consists in wedding a girl to a plant, a tree, an animal, or even to an inanimate object, the notion being that any ill-luck which may follow an actual marriage will be averted by a union of this kind. The first "husband" acting as a scapegoat for the second, the superstition which forbids the younger sisters to be married before the older ones is set aside by the eldest daughter marrying the branch of a tree, after which number two may safely enter into the bonds of matrimony.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.—In olden times in certain parts of England it was the custom for folk to attend the parish church on Mid-Lent Sunday for the purpose of making offerings. This Sunday was sometimes known as Refreshment Sunday, from the fact that the gospel for the day was the story of the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand. This custom gave rise to another custom, for on the same day children used to visit their parents taking simnel cakes with them as a gift. And as it was the mothers that these presents were usually intended for, this Sunday was called Mothering Sunday. In certain districts of the northern and midland counties of England, simnel cakes are still eaten on this Mid-Lent Sunday.

THE SEDAN CHAIR.—The sedan chair is named after Sedan, the town where it was first used. The earliest mention of it in England occurs in 1581. Early in the following century the Duke of Buckingham caused much indignation by its use in London. People were exasperated at that nobleman employing his fellow men to take the place of horses to carry him. Prince Charles brought from Spain, in 1623, three curiously wrought sedans, two of which he gave to the Duke of Buckingham. A few weeks after their introduction Massinger produced his play, "The Boundman," and in it he thus adverts to the ladies:

> For their pomp and ease being borne
> In triumph on men's shoulders.

The reference is doubtless to Buckingham's sedan, which was borne like a palanquin.

CLEANING WITH COMPRESSED AIR.—One of those simple inventions which makes everybody wonder why it had not been thought of before is the new device for cleaning railway cars adopted by the Union Pacific line. Compressed air, at a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch, is carried to the cars by means of a flexible rubber hose with a small nozzle. The apparatus is used in precisely the same way that a water hose is used, the only difference being that a compact stream of air instead of water does the cleaning work. The results achieved by this device are said to be extraordinary. Not only is the work more thoroughly done than by beating with a stick and by the use of brushes, but the car is cleaned in an exceedingly short time. There is not a crack or cranny in the car that is safe from the searching current of the compressed air.

HOPE EVER.

BY G. J. W.

Although thy brow be racked with pain,
Although thy heart be sad and weary,
Yet hope thou still that joy again
Shall soothe thee with full many a strain,
And Love restore the smiling vein,
And thou forget the hours were dreary.

What though thy life for others' weal
Be spent in many a vain endeavor;
Yet does not still thy spirit feel,
If one heart-wound thy efforts heal,
Thy toil hath not been vain to deal
With ills that crowd around thee ever?

What though the clouds obscure the scene;
Dost think thou shalt behold it never?
The sun shall shine, the fields look green;
For, though the clouds loom up, I ween
The ray is yet behind it seen
That bids thee, doubting heart, hope ever!

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S PORTION," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

THE PETMANHURST library was such a very large room that Hilda was not much disturbed when presently some people began talking about half-way between her nook and the door.

After a little while a chair was pushed back, and a man moved across the room and wheeled the steps towards one of the book-shelves. The next time the person who had remained seated spoke her voice was raised, and Hilda heard what she said quite distinctly. It was Mrs. Mountjoy, and she was evidently adding a last word of caution to a discussion which had already been considered as settled.

"Let me once more impress upon you, Pierre"—she had abbreviated Hayes' name days before—"let me once more impress you, mon camarade, to be careful to do nothing that may excite the pretty wife's suspicion that there is any secret understanding between us. That fragile china-like little person has the heart of a lion when she is once fairly roused—and she is roused now! She would be capable of anything—anything, my friend—if she once found out she was being played with; she might even go the length of turning upon me publicly, and then there would be a lovely heap of scandal for the social scavengers to rake over."

"You need not be afraid of any indiscretion on my part, Melusine," answered Hayes; and, in spite of the harshness of his voice and the curtness of manner, Hilda could recognize nothing but the fact that he had called this woman by her Christian name.

"Very good, then. I am so glad we understand each other thoroughly before separating! Oh, my dearest, how shall I get along without my collaborator for the next six weeks?"

Hayes laughed as he stood half-way up the steps, and Mrs. Mountjoy went on—

"It is all very well for you to make fun of my anguish, you unfeeling man! Male creatures never feel such things as acutely as women do, with their more tender susceptibilities. Thank Heaven, Christmas is not very far off! I shall look forward so anxiously to my visit to Mackenzie! A whole fortnight in each other's society! That ought certainly to bring things to a crisis."

"You have secured the invitation then?"

"Yes—it came yesterday morning; and really, considering the circumstances in which it was obtained, Lady Morristown was far more gracious about it than I had any right to expect."

"Upon my word, you are a wonderful woman! I'm just a little afraid of you even now, Melusine."

"You need not be, Pierre."

Until now she had been speaking with a touch of flippancy, as if she was afraid of boring him by too great a show of feeling; but now her voice sunk to a sudden pathetic softness; and Hilda wrung her hands in anguish.

"I am powerless to harm you, and you know it, too, quite well. When a woman's own heart plays traitor, she may as well lay down her weapons of attack at once; she has no longer the skill to wield them effectively. No—even if things had been different all round, I should never have been able to make you care for me unless we had both been of the same mind. Good heavens"—she broke off as a burst of laughter came faintly from the corridor—"here come some of the bolsterus brigade! What do they want down here?"

Hilda, from her hiding-place, heard herself inquired for eagerly; but she had no thought of showing herself—in fact, although she heard her name spoken, she hardly realized that her presence was needed.

"No," Mrs. Mountjoy answered, "we two toilers and moilers have had the room to ourselves all the morning."

"Awfully sorry we disturbed you!" said Captain Hennessy politely. "Fact is, we're writing a magazine, or trying to do so, some of us in the hall; and I was going to ask Mrs. Hayes to do the illustration for my contribution. She's so awfully good-natured, I know she'd do it if I could only find her!"

"Send her a message by her maid," suggested Hayes. "Mattie will find her for you."

"Tried that already. Mattie hasn't seen her since breakfast. I shall have to wait till after luncheon. Hope I haven't interfered very much with the laboring of the Muse, Mrs. Mountjoy!"

The door closed behind the intruder and the conversation was resumed again, but in a lower tone.

Hilda, crouching behind the curtains, with her face pressed close between her hands, repeating over and over again sentences of the conversation she had overheard, was not very cognizant of the flight of time. The luncheon-gong was the first thing that recalled her to the necessities of the present. If she died under the effort, she would preserve appearances before the heartless woman who had robbed her of her husband's affection—that affection of which she had so lately discovered the full value. Thank Heaven, their visit came to an end to-morrow! She could not have stood the strain much longer. How gratifying it would be to be back in her own sanctum again! Would Pierrepoint dare to continue his daily custom of setting a few flowers on her writing-table after what she had heard this morning? Terry would be down, too, in a few days. What a relief her honest impulsiveness would be after the false smooth graciousness this woman!

So Mrs. Mountjoy had contrived to obtain an invitation to the Christmas gathering at Mackenzie House! Hugh had said it was not possible to keep her out of any house if she once made up her mind to get in. And all this cruel torment would have to be gone through over again!

There would be quite a family gathering up there in Perthshire. She wondered what Hugh would think of this new state of affairs. Her mother too? Suddenly she remembered something her mother had said after that terrible scene with Pierrepoint—"Let him only put himself in the wrong, and I will have no mercy on him." What would her ladyship think of this confidential friendship between her son-in-law and this teacher of advanced views? Having already made up her mind to seize upon the first cause of complaint against him, she would certainly make all the capital she could out of this mutual infatuation. Well, did it matter very much? Whatever they did between them, they could never make her more heart-broken than she was now. And, having come to that conclusion, she went to luncheon.

Captain Hennessy came forward to meet her as she crossed the hall to the dining-room.

"I've been waiting to catch you," he said. "I was afraid some one else would get hold of you first! I want you to do the illustration to my contribution to our magazine, Mrs. Hayes. You know I am such a dismal failure at that sort of thing; but I thought, if you would draw one of your sunny little pictures, it would help to fill out my number of pages."

"Of course I'll do what you wish," she said. "What is the subject to be?" "I wonder," she went on, when she had taken his full instructions, "whether I may be allowed to offer an independent contribution?"

"Of course! Miss Tocatta—she started the thing, you know—will be glad enough to get all she can. The only condition is that we all write on the same sized paper, because she is going to have the precious thing bound up as a memento. I'll get you some paper after luncheon. The contributions are to be sent in sealed up, and not opened until the reading."

"I see. I'll have your illustration ready by four o'clock; come up for it, and see my own at the same time."

* * * * * *

When Hennessy returned from his visit to Mrs. Hayes' room, he was in a state of irrepressible glee. Having completed his own task, he strolled about the morning-room among the less happy ones, chuckling in an extremely irritating manner. At last they could endure it no longer, and he was forced to make his escape under a heavy fire of remonstrances.

"Wonder what's made him so awfully pleased with himself to-day?" muttered Tenterden.

"It is his work he's so satisfied with, I expect," replied Lotta Tocatta. "Perhaps he has written something awfully clever!"

"What—Hennessy?" queried some one, in a tone of scorn. "Not he!"

"I'll wager anything he has the laugh at us all over this job, anyhow," said Tenterden again.

"Ah, pride comes before a fall, my boy!" returned the other man. "You'll see how he'll find his proper level when it comes to the reading."

There was a great amount of laughter and quizzing as each contribution was opened and read. The funny man of the party had been chosen for the reader, and, as a consequence, those numbers which were intended to be pathetic or romantic were the drollest of all."

Hilda's sketch, being the last handed in, was also the last opened. When Tom Maturin unsealed the envelope and glanced at her sketch, his first expression was one almost of dismay, and then the humor of the thing seemed to strike him, and he began to laugh immoderately.

"Oh, I say, Mrs. Hayes!" he murmured, glancing slyly at Hilda; and the glance and the tone brought the eager circle crowding round him in feverish curiosity.

Everybody laughed at the first glance and looked delighted. Some of the ladies tried, after that first candid expression of enjoyment, to look as if they thought it was rather too bad, but the attempt was a failure.

The picture was called "A Study From Life," and represented the Petmanhurst library, with Mrs. Mountjoy and Hayes at work. Hayes was depicted as a most exaggerated specimen of the typical gold-digger, with slouch hat, pipe, long boots, and ferocious swagger. He was standing with his arms folded across his chest, looking down at the lady with a most vicious scowl, while her eyes were raised to his in abject adoration. She was taking his portrait with a detective camera, and warning him, with upraised hand, not to move.

"Oh, pray keep that heavenly expression for a moment!" she was saying. "If I could only put you in my book as you are now, my fortune would be made; but, alas, I'm afraid I shall never do you justice!"

Hilda, idly drawing faces on the cover of a magazine, heard the shouts of laughter, and felt ashamed of herself for her poor little piece of spite.

There was a rather awkward pause when the sketch was handed to Mrs. Mountjoy, in accordance with her reiterated requests, and Hilda almost looked up in her anxiety to see how she would take it. Very much to her surprise, Mrs. Mountjoy showed open vexation at the foolish little skit.

"Rather a mistake to waste your talent in ridiculing your friends," she said, staring haughtily at the offender and making no attempt to subdue the anger of her glance.

"It may be a mistake," Hilda answered coolly; "but it is not a worse mistake than others have made, surely!"

"How so?"

"Well, to go no farther than yourself, haven't I heard that you were just a little unmerciful on poor little Sir Beekton Writtlesloe, who shot himself? Is it not true that you held him up to ridicule in your character of Marmaduke Mousey? I may be mistaken, but I have an impression that I heard he was your model for that truthful study of an empty-headed noodle. It is your habit to make studies from life for all your principal characters, is it not? It is to be hoped they don't all show their objection in such a tragic fashion as he did."

Mrs. Mountjoy sat pale and silent, with the angry glimmer still shining in her brilliant eyes. Everybody in the room knew how she had led poor little Becky Writtesloe on, until he was so mad for love of her that, sooner than live without her, he had committed suicide. This open allusion to the unhappy affair was not likely to harm her in any way, but it angered her almost beyond endurance that this pale-faced child should dare to do what nobody had ever dared before—allude openly to it in her presence.

"Oh, poor Beekton was always crazy!" observed Sir Malpas Tocatta. "I think it was the glory of finding himself famous all at once that put the finishing touch to his flightiness."

"I can quite believe it, Sir Malpas," said Hilda, turning to the Baronet with an innocent smile. "I can understand that to some natures death would be preferable to that particular kind of fame or glory; some people are peculiarly sensitive to ridicule, you know."

Sir Malpas blinked his near-sighted eyes in amiable mystification; he seemed to have made things worse rather than better by his well-meant interference.

"Are you sensitive to ridicule, Mrs. Hayes?" asked Mrs. Mountjoy.

Hilda, with the smile she had bestowed upon Sir Malpas still lingering about her lips, though her eyes were very cool and steady, faced her questioner.

"Not to that particular type of ridicule, Mrs. Mountjoy," she answered serenely. "I don't think, if you caricatured me ever so viciously, I should consider it of enough importance to worry about. I suppose novelists—even such exceptionally gifted ones as Mrs. Mountjoy—must keep up their supply of originality somehow, unless they want to be left all behind; and, if they can't do it without plagiarizing their neighbors' oddities—well, that is their misfortune rather than their fault. When a spider has exhausted his own web, he appropriates his weaker neighbor's. Are not the cases synonymous?"

"I hope not!" exclaimed Mrs. Mountjoy, rising slowly with a forced smile. "I don't think the public would agree with you that I have spun all my web, at all events."

"Ah, then," rejoined Hilda, with a quiet laugh, "you plunder your neighbors without the elderly spider's excuse—from sheer dishonesty or wanton cruelty! Oh, fie, Mrs. Mountjoy! A nice case you have made out for yourself! Tenterden, if you sit and stare at me like that, I'll make a picture of you with dinner-plates instead of eyes!"

"Let them be willow-pattern plates, Mrs. Hayes," said Tom Maturin, anxious to support the change in the conversation, as Mrs. Mountjoy, shrugging her beautiful shoulders, moved away.

An almost audible sigh of relief went round the circle as Maturin and Hennessy started a nonsensical game of banter.

"You little fury," whispered Lord Tenterden, "what made you attack that woman so savagely? I'd no idea you had such powers in that line. You never showed your fighting blood before your marriage."

Hilda smiled wearily and shook her head. She was warmly attached to Tenterden, but she could not lay bare the pain at her heart to his matter-of-fact judgment. Tom Maturin was delighted with the whole business.

"It's been the liveliest week I've had for many a day," he confided to Hennessy, on the way to their rooms at night. "That little Mrs. Hayes is grit all through. If this business is fought out to death, I'd bank her at long odds, always providing she's sound to start with, you know."

Hennessy remembered the rumor which had reached the barracks about Lady Mildred's abrupt appearance at Cruxwold and Hugh Mackenzie's equally abrupt departure, but said nothing, though Maturin's remark was evidently meant as a feeler.

What need was there for him to throw the slightest doubt upon the plucky little woman's reputation? he asked himself. There would be plenty of people to do that when they were all assembled at Mackenzie; and who could wonder if the slighted wife did play off against her husband's lead? So he turned the conversation to another part of the subject.

"Hayes stood it well," he said. "He's a cool customer. He might not have been concerned in the matter at all from the way he took it."

"Yes—it must have been rather a tight place too. Is he very devoted to the fair Melusine, do you think?"

"Can't say; he's a man who keeps his own counsel uncommonly well. Not that it matters much whether he is or not. She won't let him go until she chooses, in any case, and I only hope she'll get tired of her new fad before she has done irretrievable mischief."

"Query!" muttered Maturin laconically, as he turned off towards his own apartment. "Good night, old man!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHILE Hilda was preparing for her departure the next morning, Mattie brought her a note from Pierrepoint, informing her of his intention not

to return home until the latter part of the day. She smiled bitterly as she tore up the formal little epistle and threw the pieces into the fire. He had heard her refuse Lady Tocatta's pressing invitation to extend her stay for a day or two, had heard her say that it was necessary she should be back at Cruxwold by noon to-day, and yet he had chosen to stay behind. She would feel very solitary and forlorn going through a ceremonious leave-taking by herself; but the arrangement had one advantage—it would spare her the ordeal of twenty miles' drive in her husband's company.

When the Cruxwold carriage came round at eleven o'clock, there was quite a gathering in the hall to see her off, and a general outcry of regret at her departure.

"Mrs. Mountjoy asked me to make her adieux for her, dear," whispered Lotta Tocatta. "She and Mr. Hayes are working against time this morning, to finish some important piece of work before he goes away. She said she was sure you would not mind in the circumstances."

Hilda smiled assent. To know that Pierrepoint had delayed his return home expressly to gratify Mrs. Mountjoy was only one more drop of bitterness in her cup.

Tenterden held her hand closely when he said "Good-bye." He knew things were going wrong with her, and yet he could not see how interference on his part could be of any avail.

"It's not a very long farewell this time, dear," he said affectionately. "We shall meet at Mackenzie next month; and, when you're there, you're in the heart of your own country, you know—'amang the leal and the true,' as the song says."

He scarcely knew what he meant to infer, and called himself a fool even while the words were on his lips; but Hilda knew that he meant to be kind, that the vague words meant that she was not without friends and defenders, and her heart was very full as she raised her clear gray eyes gratefully to his.

She was glad when it was all over and she was being driven smoothly along the quiet road, with the frosty air blowing full in her face. But she soon grew weary of her own painful thoughts; and even the dogs, with their barks of welcome, afforded a glad relief to the monotony of her own meditations.

Wilberforce brought his mistress some half-dozen letters, as soon as the dogs would let him approach her, and she carried them off to the blue parlor, with the four affectionate beasts following close at the hem of her gown, as if they were afraid to lose sight of her again.

A sudden sense of oppression fell upon her when she opened the door and saw the pretty room with a bright fire burning in the tiled fireplace and a great bowl of chrysanthemums stand on the little table by her chair. Only a week had passed since she had last stood there, but what an eternity of torture it had been to her! She pressed both hands to her bosom and waited pale and motionless, fighting back the misery of the memory. Presently she went over to the chair by the fire, and took off the gloves and warmed her chilled fingers and read her letters.

There was a letter from Lady Morristown, fixing the 20th of December for their arrival at Mackenzie House, and asking one or two questions about Mrs. Mountjoy.

"The Duchess of Witton, who comes to us for Christmas with her brother Dauncey Welbeck—who, I must tell you, has shown Maude marked attention on several occasions lately—put it to me as a personal favor to ask Mrs. Mountjoy for Christmas. I could not very well refuse; but I am rather anxious. I know very little of the lady, and, as you are aware, I have never joined in the celebrity-hunting mania of the day. Tenterden mentioned that she had been staying at Petmanhurst with you and I want to know the sort of thing to do for her. Must she be received en princesse? Does she bring her own maid, and so on? Give me what useful information you can.

The next letter was from Terry, announcing her "flight" to Cruxwold as fixed for the next day but one. Another was from Miss Fisher, asking for news of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes' movements, and regretting that her friend Mrs. Morton's health continued so unsettled that she saw no chance of quitting her at present.

This letter Hilda answered at once.

"You are not to worry yourself with thoughts of the inconvenience you may be causing me," she wrote. "Miss Sudgen is coming the day after to-morrow, and will remain until her marriage, on the 12th of December. On the 20th—only a week later—Mr. Hayes and I go to Lord Morristown's for Christmas; so you see I am not likely to be lonely for some time to come. Our movements after Christmas are uncertain, or, I should say, mine are. Mr. Hayes has definitely settled to have a month's shooting in the North, and will most likely not come South again until the season commences. Now I want you to understand that, though I shall be such a wandering Jew for a time, Cruxwold is your home whenever you can return to it. I think I ought to put in an especial word about Christmas, because I know how glad Mrs. Burtonshaw would be of your assistance in managing her parish feasts; but I must leave it entirely to your own convenience. If you decide to spend Christmas here, dear old Mrs. Westedging will do all she can to make things pleasant for you, and, though it might be a little lonely, Mrs. Burtonshaw would do her best to obviate that. Meanwhile, if the necessity arises, will you let me help you in your unselfish goodness to your poor friend? I don't know why it is always so difficult to make an offer of pecuniary help. Do you? It is the least sympathetic of all assistance and makes the least demand on one, and yet it is the most awkward of all to offer; but we are not strangers now, and I don't think you ought to be hurt or angry with me for my interference."

It was a difficult letter to write, because, though in her heart she yearned to be of service to the lonely woman, she could not make the offer spontaneously, as she would have done to some people. When the letter was at last finished and she had rung the bell and sent it to the post-bag, she went up-stairs to her own rooms, and tried to feel as if the week at Petmanhurst had been only an ugly dream.

* * * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes drove to the railway-station to meet Miss Sudgen and her betrothed—Hilda in the brougham and Pierrepoint driving himself in the dog-cart.

Bright, steadfast little Terry was for once thoroughly overwrought. She seized both her friends by the hand the moment she stepped on the platform, and began laughing and talking the greatest nonsense, even while the tears stood in her eyes.

"It has all been such a pantomime!" she rattled on, pretending to be exceedingly flippant and light-hearted, in spite of her tremulous lips and tearful eyes. "If you could only have seen my poor mother's face when Jim walked into the house this morning and told her he had come to fetch his wife! Directly I heard him, I ran down stairs all ready dressed. Oh, my dear, if you had seen the look on her face! Just for a moment she didn't know quite whether to faint or go into hysterics; then she altered her mind in favor of unbending dignity, and struck an attitude, and exclaimed, 'Go! I have done with you!'"

"Be quiet, Terry," said Betterton; "the porters are so spell-bound with your acting they can't attend to their business! You've grown thin, Mrs. Hayes—late hours at Petmanhurst, I expect! How do, Hayes? I've heard that this goodness is all of your planning; awfully kind of you! Are you driving? Would you mind carrying Terry off forcibly at once, Mrs. Hayes? I've had to give her one or two good shakings already to calm her, and she looks as if she needed another dose of soothing mixture."

"Nonsense! I'm quite calm," declared Terry, as Pierrepoint bore her off to the carriage: "only Jim has been worrying so about me!"

But the next moment, when she found herself alone with her one real friend, she put her head down upon Hilda's shoulder and gave way to tears.

"Don't think me an ungrateful thing, dearest," she said presently. "I'm wonderfully happy, you know, though I mayn't look it. But, you see, things have been rather trying at home lately, and, when mother turned upon me like that this morning, it quite—quite——"

"I know, dear," murmured Hilda gently. "It would be strange if you did not feel it—you, who have always been such an unselfish girl at home too! But you'll be as bright as ever in a couple of days; and you will never regret what you have done—never! You had given your word to Mr. Betterton, and your first duty was certainly to him."

"Yes—I suppose that's true. And yet, when inclination and duty travel in the same direction, it is difficult to believe in the duty part of it. One's idea of duty is always something that is unpleasant to do, and this is not unpleasant—not a bit! What an angel you have been to me, Hilda!"

"I have not!" Hilda answered promptly. "It was Mr. Hayes' suggestion. I think he remembers how ready you always were to try to make things pleasant for him during our engagement, Terry."

"There's not one man in a hundred who would have given it a second thought," declared Terry heartily. "You have a treasure of a husband, my dearest! I always did think you were an unusually lucky girl, though you did not seem to know it yourself in those days."

"Oh, never mind about my luck, dear girl; it is your turn to play heroine now! We have all our work cut out for us for the next four weeks. I've never been really glad to have plenty of money before, Terry."

"I can quite believe it of you," rejoined Terry, giving her friend a hug and following the change of conversation at once. In spite of her natural unselfishness, it was impossible not to be a little self-engrossed at such a time as this. She saw that Hilda was looking pale and thin, but she was more ready now to accept the explanations offered by her hostess than she would have been at another time.

"It was such an exhausting week at Petmanhurst, you see, Terry—one was living at high pressure all the time. It was all very delightful while it lasted, but it tells on one after a time. I shall soon be all right again now it is over."

In the genuine pleasure Hilda took in loading Terry with all kinds of good gifts she did brighten up a little. Hayes noticed the change at once and understood it. He met her at the turn of the staircase one day, hurrying along with a rather large parcel of patterns which had arrived by the midday post. They rarely spoke to each other now, except to keep up appearances before others; but he stopped her abruptly as she was going on up the stairs and took the parcel from her.

"That's much too heavy for you to carry up those stairs," he said curtly. "Why didn't you ring for somebody?"

"I never thought of it—I was in a hurry. We've been waiting three days for those patterns, and I wanted Terry to see them."

"Terry would have managed to survive until you got somebody to carry them for you. There's no sense in distressing yourself like that. Go on! I'll bring the parcel myself since it is so very important."

She turned meekly, and he followed her up the stairs and down the corridor to the south end of the house.

"This buying of Terry's wedding finery has been a great pleasure to you," he said—"indeed it seems to me that it is always a pleasure to you to do a good turn for anybody. I should think I am the only person you were ever hard on. Primrose told me the other day what a constant interest you had taken in that delicate child of his, and I heard other things too, but it would give you no pleasure to hear of them from me. I allude to the subject only because I want you to understand that I should be very pleased if you would let me share in your little charities among the village people; my purse is deeper than yours."

"Thank you! I will let you know if there is any particular need of funds at any time," she said; and, as she spoke, she opened the door of her sitting-room and walked in.

Besides Terry herself and Mattie, there were a couple of other women at needlework in the pleasant airy room, which was strewn with all sorts of pretty things.

Terry sprang to her feet, blushing and laughing rather consciously when she saw who was following Hilda, and she laughed again with greater heartiness when she saw the parcel in her host's hand.

"So the vortex has caught you too at last!" she cried merrily. "Aren't you beginning to wish the fuss was all over and done with? I feel so ashamed of myself sometimes when I think of your loneliness while I am taking up so much of Hilda's time!"

Mattie had drawn off her forces at her master's appearance, and Terry was trying to unfasten the knot that secured the parcel.

"Don't go for a minute, Mr. Hayes," she said. "I think it is the cloth patterns from the tailor for my walking-gowns, and you can help us to choose them if you will."

He stepped back at once and helped her to unfasten the knot. Hilda, watching him covertly, was touched by his evident pleasure at the simple request. Why were these delightful familiarities so impossible to her? She wondered drearily.

"No—no plaids, Terry," he was saying, with quiet decisiveness. "You are not tall enough to carry them well. What is that stone-colored material with the touches of dark green thread? And there's another of nearly the same pattern—that dull reddish one with the brown and gray flecks. What a quantity they've sent!"

"Yes; it makes it so hard to choose! And Jim is such an inveterate quiz, especially about walking-gowns!"

"Then pick out the dozen or so you like best, and leave the final decision to him. Did I hear something about his coming down to-night? He can't very well quiz his own choice, you know."

"Oh, I must not drag my troublesome rubbish all over the house, Mr. Hayes! It's bad enough for Hilda to be blocked up with it here."

"But that's nonsense, my dear girl; and it's selfish too! Why shouldn't we have our share of the excitement and fun as well as you girls? Do you know, Terry, I'm consumed with curiosity about the—the wedding-gown, if one may name such a sacred subject? Is it to be one bewildering mystery of lace and satin, like Hilda's?"

But Terry held up her hands with an exclamation of horror. Such a gown as that for a quiet wedding, where there would be only half a dozen people to look at it? No! The gown was to be of the palest of pale blue-gray cloth, with trimmings of blue-fox fur, and bonnet to correspond.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FERTILE ALASKA.—The nature of the whole land can be roughly divided into three conditions: Snow and ice fields bury the coast range and choke up every hollow; to the immediate north valleys are rocky and barren, but the vast interior beyond is richly clothed in luxuriant vegetation. Scientific authorities theoretically mapped out giant ice fields as spreading over the entire land from the Fairweather and Mount St. Elias ranges north almost to the valley of the Yukon. Colossal heights mantled in never-melting snows tower thousands of feet in the air, but within the shadows of these mighty uplands, in the sheltered hollows beneath, lie immense valleys carpeted in richest grasses, and gracefully tinted with wild flowers. Here in the summer a genial clime is found, where strawberries and other wild fruits ripen to luxuriance, where there are four and a half months of summer and seven and a half of winter. In June and July the sun is just below the horizon only for a few hours, and the temperature, though chilly at night, has an average of 65 degrees in daytime.

THE Bureau of Information of the World's Fair has sent out information relative to the renting of furnished rooms in private houses, in Chicago during the Exposition. The following rates are officially given: Prices of rooms per day without board, single room, single bed, one person, $1.75. Double rooms, double bed, one person, $2.12; two persons, $2.70. Double-bedded room, two double beds, two persons, $3.50. Double-bedded, two double beds, three persons, $4.15. Double-bedded room, two double beds, four persons, $5.50. These are given as low rates, and as a proof that the citizens of Chicago will not demand excessive rates for the accommodation of visitors to the Exposition. To the average man who cannot afford to take his wife to a hotel for a week, $18.90 will appear to be a rather high rate, without board. Advertisements in Chicago newspapers offering furnished rooms for two at $5 per week are even now common. This would seem to show that normal rates will be multiplied by three for visitors to the World's Fair.

THE TEACHING OF CHILDREN.—What should children be taught to believe in order that, when they grow up, they may find that later experience does not alter what they learnt when young? We must teach them that, beyond what they feel and see and touch, there is something better and greater which they can neither feel nor see nor touch. Goodness, kindness to one another, unselfishness, giving up their own inclinations—these are the best things in all the world. It is true that goodness and kindness have no faces that we can kiss, no hands that we can clasp; but these are certainly there, in the midst of our work or our play. And this goodness and kindness which, except in outward acts, we cannot see is something which existed before we were born. It is from this that we have all the pleasant things of this world; the flowers, the sunshine, the moonlight—all these were given us by some great kindness and goodness which we have never seen at all. And this goodness and love are that great Power from whom all things come.

CHLOROBROM.—A combination to which the name of chlorobrom has been given—a solution containing 30 grains of chloralamide and a similar amount of potassium bromide, in an ounce of menstruum—has come into considerable favor, according to some of the foreign journals, as an efficacious preventive of sea sickness on short voyages. The passenger is recommended to take a podophyllin pill for one or two nights before the date of sailing, and when on board to remain for a time, before rough water is reached, in a horizontal position with eyes shut, and to take no food on short trips.

AT EVENTIDE.

BY S. C. W.

I see the sun go down;
And watch the after glow:
The noises in the town
Fainter and fainter grow;
And one by one the lamps
Are lighted in the street,
Till only thieves and tramps
Remain with loit'ring feet
Behind the rest, their worthless ways to roam,
For all besides are on their journey home.

And so the day is done,
That cannot be effaced,
And thus the moments run
To something—or to waste;
For life is, after all,
But one fragmental day
In which we rise or fall.
And then we pass away;
The darkest night that comes before the dawn
Is but to show how far the day has gone.

Mrs. Gambey's Reply.

BY J. H. E.

BRIGHT everywhere! bright on brown heath and dark-green wood; bright on the dancing waves and the whitened beach; bright in the thronged town and on the lonely hill-side. Yes! and bright on the village of Gayston and Woodbine Cottage shone that June day sun.

The cottage yclept "Woodbine" was an abode of retiring and modest aspect. Protected by tall elms, it nestled in a sequestered nook, the home of happiness and comfort. Its gorgeous flower-garden, its diminutive chaise-house, all proclaimed the easy circumstances of the inhabitants.

A vain peacock strutted on the emerald lawn, watched with ill-concealed disdain by a huge Newfoundland dog, which lay basking in the summer warmth, occasionally snapping at the passing bluebottles as he reposed in idle luxury.

The rooks cawed sleepily in the elms. Busy bees and wasps, with a numerous company of their affinity, buzzed harmoniously among the blossoms; and the soft breeze, now gently agitated, wafted fitfully these happy sounds and fragrance of the garden into the open windows of the cottage; also contributing, and not slightly, to the enjoyment of Mr. William Walker, the gardener and coachman of the establishment, who, stretched at full length under a currant-bush, devouring lazily the products of that useful shrub, substituted that luxurious pursuit for the more useful one of weeding, in which occupation his deluded master and mistress believed him to be engaged.

Within this rustic dwelling, in a small room delightfully draped with holland, sat a short and stout comfortably-looking elderly gentleman, who had probably attained his fiftieth summer. Opposite to him was a maiden lady, who was not much his junior. This lady lacked the jovial appearance of the gentleman, as though Nature had used vinegar in her composition, while treacle had been largely employed in the manufacture of the other. By the side of the gentleman sat a handsome woman, of about thirty years of age; and it would not have been difficult to tell from the demeanor of her male companion that this was his wife. She sat in a low chair, reeling back, her hands employed in knitting, though her thoughts were evidently far from the present scene.

The name of the family was Gambey—Mr., Mrs., and Miss Melissa Gambey.

Mr. Gambey, who was reading aloud from a newspaper, suddenly paused and laughed. Miss Gambey's mouth also underwent a spasmodic distortion, which facial gymnastic she generally substituted for a more hearty demonstration of mirth. But the lady of the house went on knitting, apparently utterly heedless of the laughter-moving passage, or the pause made by her husband.

"Emily, my dear," said Mr. Gambey, "you are not listening to me. I particularly desired that you should have given your attention to this paragraph, and now I've finished it I find you have not heard a syllable."

"Oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon, dear," said the lady addressed, and she relapsed in forgetfulness.

"When persons have something on their minds, it is not easy for them to give their whole attention to an article from a newspaper," said Miss Melissa.

"But Emily has not got anything on her mind," cried Gambey. "Rubbish! she's sleepy, Melissa."

Miss Gambey suffered another vinegary spasm, and was silent.

Mr. Gambey looked from one of the ladies to the other and shook his head; he knew his sister and his wife had never quite "hit it," and he discreetly sighed and was silent.

It may be observed here that Mr. Gambey had married Emily May about four years before the opening of our story. Notwithstanding that it was a marriage of real affection on both sides, Miss Gambey thought that she had good grounds of umbrage at the match; in the first place, she thenceforth ceased to be mistress in her brother's house; and secondly, her sister-in-law was yet young and attractive, which high crime and misdemeanor Miss Gambey, who was neither, could not find it in her heart to forgive.

While this little episode was enacting in the cottage, William, the recreant coachman and gardener, was disturbed in his absorbing occupation by a low whistle, which proceeded from behind the hedge which separated the garden from the elm grove. The youth apparently recognized the signal, for, jumping up and hastily glancing at the cottage window to see if he was observed, he darted down a walk shaded on each side by filbert trees. At the bottom of this walk was a little door leading into the elm grove; he silently passed through it, and thereupon confronted a seedy gentleman, who as to age was yet young, but whose features were marked and lined by dissipation, and whose dull, watery eyes betokened many an hour wasted in midnight revelry.

"My good boy," said this individual, "I want you to give this letter to Mrs. Gambey as soon as possible; it is of the utmost importance; and if you bring me an answer to this place by nine o'clock this evening I will give you half-a-crown."

"I'll try, sir," said William; "you know I allers does my best."

"You do, I believe," said the seedy party; so mind you don't fail this time;" and without further speech he withdrew into the grove, and speedily disappeared.

William turned the note over two or three times in his dirty hands, and having done that, scratched his head violently; then, apparently deriving some satisfaction from these exercises, he returned to the garden and began to hoe as vigorously as his cargo of currants would allow him.

Presently Lion was heard to give two or three deep, joyful barks, and, with that worthy dog as advanced guard, Mrs. Gambey appeared approaching the spot where the boy was.

"If you please, ma'am," said the toil-worn youth, handing his mistress the seedy man's letter, "Muster Morgan's giv' me this for you, and I'm to take him a answer to the Elm Grove by nine o'clock this evening."

Mrs. Gambey took the paper, and having read the contents, merely observed that she would attend to it, and passed on to the summer-house.

Now William had been well tutored to silence on the subject of the notes which he frequently conveyed from the seedy gentleman, whom he called Morgan, to Mrs. Gambey; but it was not in his boy nature to keep the secret from Lion, to whom he now intrusted his observations.

"Rum go, sir!" said he; "that Morgan wants money, I'll be bound; it looks queerish altogether, but I'd trust missis to the end of the world; still, it might be orkard if Miss Melissa was to get hold of the circumstances. She won't learn much from me, however, Blacknose."

The latter appellation was not intended for Miss Gambey, but for Lion, who straightway lay down to consider the subject at his ease, and with all the deliberation it called for, while he watched his young friend at labor.

It was evident something lay heavy on Mrs. Gambey's mind, and her respected sister-in-law's observation on that point was correct, for when the lady arrived in the summer-house, after she had again perused the letter, she fell into a deep meditation, and remained for some time with her face buried in her hands; then taking out her purse, she counted the contents, and placed apart from the rest some bank-notes. Returning the porte-monnaie to her pocket, she beckoned William, and instructed him, in case he should see Mr. Morgan before night, to say that she would see him herself in the Elm Grove at nine o'clock; then enjoining strict secrecy on the boy, she left him and went into the house.

While these events were occurring out of doors, Miss Melissa had taken the opportunity of being left alone with her brother to renew her attack upon him. After a short prelude of sniffs and snorts, which failed to gain her brother's attention, the worthy spinster spoke out.

"My remark, Gideon," said she, "as to something weighing upon Emily's mind, was hardly noticed by you, but it was founded upon close observation, and to pass it over in so light a manner is I think scarcely consistent with your duty as a husband."

"Don't you, indeed?" said Gambey. "I am sure I'm obliged to you for your opinion, Melissa, but I really think you might have spared my wife such 'close observation.' If Emily has anything upon her mind, she will doubtless communicate it to me, if she wishes me to participate in the secret; and if she does not, why there's an end of the matter—as far as you are concerned, at any rate."

"Perhaps not, brother," said Melissa.

"What do you mean, Melissa?" he blurted forth.

"If Emily's secret—for I know she has one—is not of such a nature as would meet a husband's approval, she might not communicate it to you," said Melissa. "And yet there ought not to be an end of the matter—as far as you are concerned, at any rate."

"You're not sober, Melissa," delicately hinted her brother.

"In the performance of my duty, even insult shall not daunt me," murmured the upright one.

"Well, then, confine yourself to your duty, and mind your own business," said Gambey.

"The family honor is at stake!" said his sister.

"As much so as the family plate," said Gambey.

"Ridicule is not argument, brother," said Melissa.

"Folly is not worth an argument," said he.

"Folly, brother!" exclaimed the spinster.

"You are getting old and doting, Melissa," he continued.

"This requires no comment; as you are reduced to abuse, the last resort of vanquished weakness," retorted Melissa, "I shall say no more."

"Thank Heaven!" said Gambey; "but if you choose to cast groundless aspersions upon my wife, I may as well add that it can be for no one's advantage for you to remain under this roof."

"I have no desire to do so," she replied; "but since you term my words of warning 'groundless aspersions,' you must, in justice to me, either prove that I am wrong, or let me prove that I am right."

"Prove it, then," said Gambey, bouncing out of the room, well pleased at having set Melissa a task which she could never accomplish.

Mr. Gambey took a few turns in the Filbert Walk by way of cooling himself; but not succeeding in doing so, he sat down in the summer-house. A paper on the ground caught his eye; he picked it up—it was addressed to his wife. As a matter of course he unfolded the paper, and read:—

"I must have more money. I positively forbid you to do as you propose; you, as well as I, are amenable to the law. I shall be in Elm Grove to-night at nine o'clock; you will not fail me!"

"Whew!" said Gambey; "what's this? Why, Emily can never—no, no—I doubt not that this can be explained in a moment. I'll go and see her at once."

"No, brother," said Miss Gambey, who had overheard him; "you have accused me of acting in bad faith, and I demand that you put me to the proof in a proper manner."

"Well," said Gambey, who was rather pale by this time, "I am puzzled. 'Amenable to the law!' what does that mean?"

Miss Gambey had by this time mastered the contents of the paper, which her brother held in his hand, and replied, "It means—it means—Emily has another husband!"

"'Tis false!" gasped Gambey; "'tis a lie!—a lie, I say!"

"It will never do for her to betray this agitation, brother," said Melissa, tossing her head. "I have reasons to believe that Emily has lately had several interviews with the writer of that letter."

"What of that? what of that?" cried Gambey. "I will go to her now! She will set it right in a moment, I know."

"No, brother. You must trust to nothing but your own sense," said Melissa. "You must wait until this evening."

"I cannot wait, Melissa," replied Gambey; "a single hour of such agony as this and I should go mad. I must speak to Emily. If it should be as you suggest, if she was united unhappily before she married me, we will go away where no one knows us; we will still live together. I could not relinquish her. I will go to her at once."

"Brother, you are mad!" cried Melissa. "It is your duty to yourself, and also to me—although that is indeed a secondary consideration—to probe this matter to the bottom, and to ascertain the truth of our surmises."

"Our surmises!" groaned Gambey.

"It would not do to question Emily," continued the spinster; "she may be tempted to offer excuses or explanations, which would only complicate matters more. You owe it to me, to put the matter beyond doubt, and must not say or do anything which may lead to a suspicion that you intend to be present at the interview appointed in that letter."

"I don't," said Gambey.

"You must," said Melissa. "You must confront them together. Question one apart from the other, and you may never learn the facts. I presume, whatever the case may be, Gideon, you wish to know the truth?"

"Well, well, I consent," said Gambey; "but only because I know the stronger the test, the purer will my wife appear. I know her, Melissa, and you do not; but that you may be satisfied, I will observe implicitly your directions. I do not doubt her—no—but I feel so like a criminal in keeping my knowledge of this affair from her, that I cannot meet her, in the meantime I will go now to Darton's and stay there until to-night, and at nine o'clock I will be in the Elm Grove, and, as you suggest, confront them together. I will carry out all your wishes, Melissa, except to doubt my wife."

Mr. Darton, poor Gambey's friend, was a substantial farmer, who lived a couple of miles from Woodbine Cottage, and who would only be too glad of Mr. Gambey's company for a few hours; so he determined to drop in, as if for a few minutes' rest after a walk; and he knew a hospitable invitation to spend the remainder of the day would be sure to be pressed upon him. This he did, and presently found himself seated at the Dartons' dinner-table in the midst of a noisy, happy family. The poor man could not quite, though he did his best, compose his countenance to a joyous expression, but he accounted for some lack of joviality by pleading a headache; and truly he might have added heartache, for his thoughts kept reverting to that letter—what could it mean?

The after-part of the day Mr. Gambey passed much more comfortably, for he accompanied his agricultural friend around the farm, and Mr. Darton's society was very acceptable to one so engrossed with his own thoughts as Gambey, for that worthy farmer's idea of companionship was to stand by your side and gaze reflectively at a sheep or cow, now and then observing, with a tone of awful sagacity, "Hum!" At last the weary hours fled, and as Mr. Gambey neared Woodbine Cottage, the clock struck nine.

After the interview with her brother in the summer-house, Melissa returned to the society of her sister-in-law, brimful of anticipated triumph and smothered spite. All day long she kept up a dribbling brooklet of hints and innuendoes, and entertained Mrs. Gambey with the particulars of every divorce case she had ever heard of, and, on her showing, the wife appeared in every case to be the aggressor. Mrs. Gambey took but little heed of this, and never for a moment guessed its import.

It was the custom of the charitable Melissa to walk out every summer evening to visit the poor of the village and excite her organ of benevolence, which she did partly by scolding and rating the rural housewives, and partly by collecting their little tales of scandal. On this occasion, however, she made but a short foray, and then, as nine o'clock approached, she retired to the Elm Grove, and ensconced herself in a place of vantage which overlooked the garden door, and it caused a pang of disappointment in the spinster's gentle bosom that she could not with safety find a hiding-place within earshot of the door, for she had no doubt that that would be the place of meeting.

Now, through the Elm Grove ran a deep ditch, which passed in the rear of Mr. Gambey's stable and pig-stye, and received the drainings therefrom. All along the bank of the ditch, to hide it from view, bushes were thickly planted; and it was among these, on the edge of the drain, that Melissa concealed herself.

Nine o'clock struck, and Mrs. Gambey, carefully shutting Lion up in the drawing-room, issued forth into the garden. She looked cautiously around her, and passed down the Filbert Walk, and through the little door into the grove. A stranger met her, and took eagerly from her hand a

little packet, which he concealed.

At this moment Gambey stole under the hedge, pale and tottering; he stooped down by the little door, and listened to what they were saying. Mrs. Gambey was entreating the stranger—that man!—perhaps her husband! Oh, who could have thought her false?—stay. What, what was she saying? "You do not know my husband if you say so. You may trust him; besides, these frequent meetings may compromise me, John Gambey."

"What name?—John Gambey? Why, 'tis my brother John! Oh, Heaven!" and the poor husband fell heavily and senseless against the little door. It opened, and Mrs. Gambey and the stranger beheld the swooning man. Another sound was heard in the rear, but it was unheeded. Miss Melissa Gambey fell headlong into the ditch.

Yes, after all, it was that erring scapegrace, John Gambey, who had a few years previously most properly been transported. He had, however, obtained a conditional pardon, but in coming to England had broken his ban, and was of course liable to be arrested on that account; it was in this repect that Mrs. Gambey was "amenable to the law" for harboring a criminal.

On account of former quarrels John feared his brother, and thought he might even give him up to justice if he knew of his presence in England. But he knew the generosity and goodness of his sister-in-law, and to her he had appealed for money and assistance.

Mr. Gambey being recovered, the trio adjourned to the cottage, but neither Mrs. Gambey nor the brother could account for the exceeding kindness of that gentleman to them both. Mrs. Gambey had anticipated much difficulty in reconciling her husband to the brother who had brought such trouble and disgrace upon him; but Mr. Gambey agreed with the readiest possible cheerfulness to send John out to some respectable colony with money and introductions, and, in fact, behaved as though his brother were his best benefactor, instead of a pestiferous scamp.

Melissa was not seen by any of the family that night; she went straight from the ditch to bed; nor did she appear the next morning at breakfast; but further on in the day she and her brother had rather a warm, if not affectionate, interview in the library; and before lunch the village fly was at the door, and presently flew away, containing the estimable spinster and her worldly goods, never to trouble Gayston again.

"And a good riddance too," said the cook, as she viewed the retreating equipage.

"Which likewise is my sentiments, and Lion's as well," added William, speaking for himself, and also faithfully interpreting the dog's opinion.

When the last sound of the wheels had died away, Gambey took his wife to his heart and kissed her affectionately.

"I hope," said he, "you won't miss Melissa very much."

Mrs. Gambey's reply cannot be recorded, the resources of the English alphabet being far too limited to enable me to give you any idea of the sound produced by her lips.

Edith Ray.

BY F. B. L.

PITY that albums should have gone out of fashion, 'Bel. I feel like a wanderer revisiting the old homestead, when I open the embossed red morocco doors, and read "the hand-writing on the wall."

To be sure there are wanderers who have journeyed farther and been longer gone; but change labors with the rapidity of second-class Irish fairies, and I find but little as I left it. Come to our old nestling-place on the sofa, and let us examine some of those tributes from my schoolmates.

Those delicate little crowquill touches, surmounted by the two turtle-doves on a green sprig smaller than themselves, and unlike anything that ever grew, are Edith Ray's.

I have her bright face before me now, as it looked when, despite her notions of pretty penmanship, she assumed her own character long enough to give that preposterous flourish to the final y; then clapped her dainty little hands, and laughed at her own work, as fully conscious of its childishness (billing doves and all) as such wiseacres as you and I, 'Bel, are this morning. I thought the whole, especially the doves, miracles of prettiness then; and, strange as it may seem, I am no happier since I have discovered that they are things to laugh at.

Edith Ray was a joyous creature, with a heart so brimming over with mirthfulness, that every one who came into her presence caught the infliction. She was womanly and delicate too, and yet fearless as a young eagle, doing whatever she purposed in the face of all opposition, and telling the most unwelcome truths, particularly when she might thus unmask hypocrisy, or expose anything mean and cringing. Yet everybody loved her; for although she possessed a dangerous power, it was never called into exercise for the purpose of crushing, being kept in check by a kind and affectionate heart.

Edith Ray, as all who saw her would be very likely to suppose, was an only child, and quite an heiress withal; so it is not strange that she should take a conspicuous place among our Alderbrook belles. The schoolmaster of the village used to quote poetry to her, and bring her bouquets.

Mr. Sherrill, a dashing young doctor, was the companion of all her rides, and walked with her to the church door every Sunday morning, with the evident hope of one day handing her in very gracefully; and the lawyer, and the grocer, and a 'wild slip' of a draper, had severally shown an interest in Mr. Ray's affairs truly gratifying. Yet Edith would parody the schoolmaster's verses most ludicrously to his face; give her gallant doctor the slip whenever it suited her convenience, and ridicule the pretensions of the others outright.

It is strange that the Argus-eyed old maidens of our little village had no suspicions as to the real cause of Edith's indifference to her admirers; but certain it is that a pale, student-like face passed in and out of Mr. Ray's door, particularly on rainy evenings, and at other times when gayer ones would not be likely to interrupt the visit, without exciting the least remark. Perhaps it was because all had decided that the widow's son never would introduce another mistress into the parsonage, and perhaps the improbability of the grave young vicar's taste leading him to make such selection. Whatever the cause might have been, there was certainly an important life-lasting secret locked fast in the hearts of Mr. Robson and bright Edith Ray. The young lovers were strikingly contrasted in outer seeming; but there was a rich undercurrent in the characters of both that perfectly harmonized; so Edith feared only for her own volatility when she gave her heart into another's keeping, and the vicar prayed only he might be able to repay the trust. The betrothal passed, and still the secret was not discovered, though Edith had unconsciously assumed a gentle manner, and a sweeter expression, which could not fail to excite observation.

As I said before, Edith Ray feared nothing but to do wrong; and her daring had been so much the subject of remark, that she felt not a little pride in exhibiting her courage; a quality with her friends took every opportunity to test. Unknown to her companions, however, there was one point on which Edith was vulnerable; she had, when a little child, seen her own mother stretched out in death—she remembered the rigid limbs, with their white covering, giving a fearful mystery to their half-revealed outlines—any anything that bore the slightest resemblance to such a form, inspired her with horror.

It was on a fine moonlight night in the middle of winter that a social group had assembled in Mr. Ray's parlor, and Edith, unlike her wont when Mr. Robson was present, had been the gayest of the party. As the evening drew to a close, Mr. Sherrill expressed a wish to see a book of engravings that had disappeared from the parlor; a desire which Edith declared such an evidence of improved taste, that it should be instantly gratified. She tripped lightly from the room, and, as she disappeared, we all observed that Sherrill crept carefully towards the door. The next moment, a short, shrill cry, followed by a low, half-choked sound, as of one strangling, brought us quickly to our feet. With one bound poor Sherrill was in the adjoining apartment—but he was scarce in advance of the vicar. The rest of us followed hastily, alarmed at, we knew not what. But we soon knew. Upon a long table lay extended an object covered with a white cloth, with the moonbeams flickering over it, revealing the fearful outlines of a human figure with apparent certainty. Before this crouched young Edith Ray, with her fingers clenched in the masses of long hair descending on each side of her face, her eyes distended, and a white foam wreathing her motionless lips.

"Edith!—my own Edith!" whispered Robson, in a voice hoarse with agony.

Edith started to her feet, and the mocking walls echoed her wild unnatural laugh.

"Look, Edith, look," entreated Sherrill; "it is nothing!" and he shook out two or three cloaks artfully arranged. "Nothing but these—I did it, Edith—I did it—I put them there to frighten you!"

Edith only laughed again.

Mr. Robson drew her arm within his own, and led her quietly back into the parlor; and poor Sherrill followed and crouched at her feet, beseeching her but to speak one word—only one word, just to show that he had not murdered her. But the stricken girl only twined her hair helplessly about her fingers and smiled.

Three years have rolled away, but they have wrought no change on the darkened spirit of Edith Ray. Mr. Robson, though never given to merriment, has grown graver, and gentler, and more spiritual than ever; and the young repress their smiles and soften their voices when he comes near—for untold sorrow is a sacred thing. The neighbors say that Mr. Robson is wholly devoted to his books, and the care of his flock. But they make a marvel of one thing. It is a great wonder to them what is the attraction at poor Mr. Ray's that he should spend his two hours there every evening. But they never saw the stricken Edith at his feet, gazing up into his face with an expression of childish confidence—nor heard her low mournful murmur when he went away. Our still young vicar is ever found among the sick and sorrowing; but every effort to draw him into social life fails; for the poor wreck which clings to him even in her idiotcy, is still borne upon his heart.

WOMAN IN ADVERSITY.—Women should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and without always knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage "mother wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and carries the home-ship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin.

Woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evaded more temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty gazetted, may blow out his brains and leave wife and children to want, protectorless.

Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be counselled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right.

Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he fails.

HADLER'S annual directory of the Catholic clergy of the United States gives some interesting statistics. At the head of the list, of course, is Mgr. Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate. Then comes Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, the single Cardinal. The Archbishops number 14; Bishops, 73; priests, 9338; seminarians, 2575; churches, 8431; chapels and stations, 3620; seminaries, 33; colleges, 117; academies, 644; parochial schools 3585; pupils in the parochial schools, 731,385; charitable institutions, 647. The total Catholic population is reported to be 8,632,521. The Catholic Church in this country now has almost double the membership of the strongest Protestant denomination, the Methodist.

SCENE—Margin of a Highland river. Affable English tourist: "And you say, Donald, that an English gentleman was drowned in this river last summer whilst attempting to swim across it?" Donald: "Ay, sir." Tourist: "The feat might have been easily accomplished; the distance is not so very great." Donald: "Very true, sir, very true; but ye maun ken that it wisna the breedth, bit the deepth o' the water that feenished him."

APPRECIATION OF LEARNING.—Aunt Zorepty (as they pass the campus)—What them stugents holler rayrayrayfizzboomar all the time? Uncle Henry—Sh, Zorepty; don't be so ignor'nt. These here scholars' all mighty full o' learnin'. They're jest a repeatin' some of their sinchen' old-time Latin or Hebrew phrases out loud. Sort o' learnin' their lesson by heart.

Scientific and Useful.

PATENTS.—To have an invented protected all over the world it is necessary to take out sixty-four patents in as many different countries, the estimated total cost of which is $17,000.

PIPES.—Aluminium tobacco pipes are about the latest invention. The bowl is, however, lined with meerschaum; but the pipe is said to be lighter than one of the same size made of briar root.

LETTER BOX.—An ingenious letter-box has been invented. It is operated by a time-lock, which automatically displays a card announcing when the next collection will be made. It also stamps upon each letter, as it drops in, the very minute when it was placed in the box.

KEEPING THE FIRE IN.—A common trouble in country blacksmith shops, even in private houses, is the going out of the fire while the smith or servant is doing work away from it. This annoyance can be prevented by keeping at hand a box containing sawdust. When the fire seems to be out throw a handful of sawdust on the coals, and a good blaze will quickly follow. This may seem a small matter, but there are many who will find the suggestion a useful one.

TO MEASURE A RIVER.—Anybody can measure, approximately, the breadth of a river without a surveyor's compass or any mechanical means whatever. The man who desires to make the experiment should place himself at the edge of the stream, then stand perfectly still, face the opposite bank and lower the brim of his hat until it just cuts the opposite bank. Then let him put both his hands under his chin to steady his head, and turn slowly round until the hat-brim cuts some point on the level ground behind him. Mark the spot where the hat-brim cuts the ground, then pace off the distance and it will be found about the breadth of the river.

Farm and Garden.

HORSESHOES.—Instead of the horseshoe being simply a curved piece of iron, the Germans now make part of the shoe of rope.

DRIED FRUIT.—Dried fruit may be kept in a clean condition and safe from the attacks of flies if put in stout paper bags, and then securely fastening the bags.

HAY.—There is no better feed for live stock than corn fodder well cured. No kind of hay equals it for milk cows. Feed it in the yard, around the straw-stack, thereby saving all the manure in one place.

RAIN.—When heavy rains come, and the water remains on the soil, the ground will be kept cold by the constant evaporation of moisture, and crops can only be planted on such land after the season for planting is well opened.

WINDOWS.—Cellar windows which are without sash and glass, and where light is not needed or wanted, can be made quite tight by sawing a board to fit the opening as closely as possible, then plastering the cracks with clay mortar.

THE BEST MARKET.—A good manufacturing town is always a good market. Farmers near such should aim to produce such things as are needed for immediate consumption rather than the staples. These can be sold quickly and for cash.

BUTTER.—In salting butter with brine, the brine should be strained through a fine muslin strainer. A good many specks found in butter come from the salt, and some from the water used in making the brine. The water used in washing the butter grains should also be strained, as there are few waters that are perfectly free from all sediment.

APPLES.—Apples grow best and yield the finest colored, highest flavored fruit on high, dry, clay and limestone ridges. They do well on north slopes also. Southern side hills of sandy clay or loam produce fine grapes. South slopes and exposures will yield small fruits a week earlier than north slopes, especially if the soil be sandy. By taking advantage of altitudes, soil, slope and varieties the strawberry season may be prolonged two and sometimes nearly three weeks.

BILIOUS DISORDERS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, &c., are speedily removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Thirty years use has proved them superior to all other remedies for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended. In their action they are mild and certain, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

THERE are minds limpid and pure wherein life is like a ray of light playing in a drop of dew.

Honest Doubts.

The honest doubter must be anxious as long as his misgivings lasts; and his disquietude will be proportioned to the estimate he forms of the issue left in uncertainty. If the matter is not felt to be of the highest moment, the state of doubt may be not very distressing; but honesty of purpose has a deep love and sympathy for truth, and a finely-developed mind will often worry itself with questions which coarse intellects deem of trifling importance.

Even if the manly thinker is not personally solicitous, his integrity will make him intolerant of a doubt that leaves him consciously outside the pale of allegiance to known right.

As a child of light he cannot bear darkness; and while he gropes in obscurity he feels that his place of duty on the side of truth, whichever that may be, is vacant, and content is impossible. There is indeed a state of feeling practicable to even great minds in which the agonizing experience of doubt finds solace in submission to authority. This is the sort of comfort that a traveler derives from the presence of a trusted guide.

The doubter who has submitted to a church or school of thought knows no more of the way than he knew before; but, with the respect and confidence due to a knowledge he does not know himself possess and powers he cannot claim to wield, he leaves the responsibility of path finding and keeping to another.

Faith like this is personal. It springs from the inner consciousness of a confiding nature, and pours its sorrow and sense of difficulty into another heart. It may be ennobling or humiliating, a state of supreme wisdom or imbecility.

The so-called "sceptics" of the day who go about their business or pleasure contentedly are not doubters. They are either satisfied of the accuracy of their conjectures or unimpressed with the reality of the questions about which they speculate. Of course, if a man is assured in his own mind that his future cannot be in any way affected by his views or conduct, he may be honestly a doubter; but the least misgiving on the subject of destiny must obviously render any tolerance of doubt as to the future dishonest.

Honest doubts must be limited to two classes—those which relate to the immortality of the soul and those which concern the responsibility of man, or, in other words, the existence of a power on his part to influence his future state. A mind which has persuaded itself that either there is no future or it lies beyond the control of man may doubt which of the alternative propositions is the true one, and be honestly indifferent or unmoved by the issue; but no sane consciousness can cherish, without being anxious, the least doubt as to the possibility of there being a future existence and the soul's experience hereafter depending in any measure on its faith and conduct now.

When this anxiety is not felt, the state of doubt is imaginary or pretended, and the so-called sceptic is at heart a believer in destiny. It is important this argument should be borne in on the consciousness.

Nothing is more unworthy of the intellectual nature of man than a general affectation of uncertainty as to the subjects of religion and faith, without any serious attempt being made to ascertain what it is whereof we stand in doubt, and to settle with conscience the urgent question whether the doubt we profess is honest or only an ignoble equivocation.

The man who professes to believe in a God, a future of alternative happiness or misery dependent on the present, and a gospel of deliverance, and, accepting these general dogmas, contents himself with hoping he is in the right way, is either the victim of a delusion or an impostor.

We are speaking as man to man, with no care for conventional properties with regard to this great subject, and we must speak plainly. The respectable easy-going "Christianity" of the day is one of the greatest and most humiliating affectations of an age in which even the "realistic" has ceased to be real, and "truth-seeking" is no longer a veritable searching for the sure, the pure, and the good.

Honest doubts can exist only in the minds of honest doubters—that is, those who are in earnest, and faithful to fact as to what they believe, and why they withhold credence. The posture of such doubters is expressed in the cry, "I believe—help Thou mine unbelief." Such men do not take pleasure in their uncertainty, much less do they parade it as an excuse for self-indulgence.

It may be true, as an apostle contended, that the believers in future happiness, if in this world only they have hope, are of all men the most miserable—they may be sacrificing the present to a future which will prove to have been a mirage; but the misery of such a disappointment must be infinitely less humiliating than the subterfuge of making a doubt as to the reality of future punishment the ground and excuse for doing what is felt to be wrong.

There is nothing strange in doubt itself. Finality of knowledge would supersede faith, as full enlightenment would put an end to the enterprise of fact-seeking. Every plain and straightforward reader and thinker on the subject of religion must perceive the existence of a broad expanse of mystery which his intellect is unable to penetrate; but he will at the same instant see here and there standing out in striking contrast with the general obscurity certain cardinal truths which are all-important and, as it were, self-evident, that is, appealing to his inner sense or instinct of right and authority. They, so to say, compel his belief. Conscience does homage to these masterpieces of truth, and judgment approves the act of worship. These great all-convincing facts of religion are common to all forms and systems of what is called "faith;" more accurately speaking, they form the bases of every form and system the world has had offered for its acceptance.

THERE is many a man whom we call friend, and whose face seems familiar to us as our own; yet could we but take a glimpse of him when we leave his presence, and he sinks back into his chair alone, we should sigh to see how often the smile on the frankest lip is but a bravery of the drill, only worn when on parade.

To have a dignified and cordial manner you must have love to God and your fellow-beings in your heart. To have good manners you must use them every day at home, and not keep them merely for company.

HE who insults me to my face can yet be an honest man and my friend, but he who praises me on all occasions is a fool, who despises me, or a knave, who wishes to cheat me.

WE can never see this world in its true light unless we consider our life in it as a state of discipline—a condition through which we are passing to prepare for another.

WE ought deliberately to school ourselves not to add by look or by word to the unhappiness of those who have already enough to bear.

THE man who is ever lamenting, never rejoicing, is playing a part, for life is neither constantly painful nor constantly gay.

THE heart is a loom, and it may weave whatever it pleases. It may make life a continual progress towards triumph.

FUSSY people generally have big ideas of their own importance.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LOTTUS J.—The word marcid though uncommon is good English enough. It means withered or feeble.

A. D.—An introduction is indispensable under the circumstances stated. Time may aid you in bringing it about.

L. N.—If you intend to study the Italian language, it would be best to take a regular course under the tuition of some experienced teacher of that tongue.

DADAME.—To "cross the Rubicon" signifies the taking of an irremediable step—the adoption of some decisive measure from which it is impossible to draw back. It was a river crossed by Julius Cæsar when he passed beyond his own territory, and burnt his boats, so that there was no possible escape if defeated.

A. J.—A very delicate perfume is made by filling a bottle with the leaves of the common rose, without pressing them. Pour into the bottle some good alcohol, and cork it closely. If kept well corked for two weeks, a few drops will suffice to scent a handkerchief for some time.

C. F. M.—Alphonso XIII., King of Spain, was born on May 17, 1886, nearly six months after the death of his father, Alphonso XII. His mother, Maria Christina, an Austrian Princess, is the Queen Regent during his minority. He has one sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, born in 1882.

S. P. T.—It is usual for a gentleman—placed as you describe—to recognize his friend's acquaintance with a respectful raising of the hat. This does not imply knowledge of the friend on his part, nor future recognition by the friend's friend. If the party in question is in the evening, evening dress is proper; if in the morning, then morning dress in order.

HARRIET.—1. Astore or Astoreth, signifies "the queen of heaven." Astoreth was the goddess moon of Syrian mythology. In Paradise Lost, Milton says:

"With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called Astarte, the queen of heaven, with crescent horns."

2. The camellia signifies unpretending excellence.

TOM J.—There is an intimate relation between volcanoes and earthquakes; that earthquakes are most numerous in the volcanic regions of the globe, and that they sometimes attended by the growth or formation of volcanoes where none previously existed. It sometimes happens, however, that an earthquake occurs remote from volcanic regions, and has no traceable connection with volcanoes.

BESS BROWN.—The following are the distances, in round numbers, of the planets and planetoids from the sun: Mercury, 37,000,000 miles; Venus, 69,000,000 miles; the earth, 92,000,000 miles; Mars, 145,000,000 miles; Jupiter, 494,000,000 miles; Saturn, 900,000,000 miles; Uranus, 1,822,000,000 miles; and Neptune, 2,854,000,000 miles. The distance of the moon from the earth is 240,000 miles; and its diameter is 2,153 miles.

DORA.—The flower language of the pink is: Carnation, woman's love; double red pink, pure and ardent love; single pink, pure love; white pink, ingenuousness, talent. The language of red clover is industry; of white clover, think of me; of honeysuckle, generous and devoted affection. The rose has too many meanings to here quote—each kind and color having its language. A full blown rose over two buds means secrecy, and moss a rosebud confession of love.

R. L.—Silk bags of the best violet-powder, if placed among dresses, handkerchiefs and laces, are much more effectual and more pleasing than any liquid preparation from the flowers, especially when the fragrance is called forth by heat; but the contents of the bags must be frequently renewed. Bunches of violets, if laid away when fresh in the pockets or sleeves of dresses, impart a delicious odor of the flower. The blossoms must be quite dry, and should be removed when they become scentless. It is said that Josephine's boudoir at Malmaison is impregnated to this day with the odor of violets, owing to the quantities of that flower with which the room was kept constantly supplied.

KENILWORTH.—The wife of David Garrick died in 1821, at the ripe age of ninety-seven. Her maiden name was Veigel, but she was better known as Mademoiselle Violette, a name which she assumed by command of Empress Maria Theresa, whose favor and patronage she won when an opera-dancer. She was not the daughter of the Earl of Burlington, although a belief once prevailed that she was. How it came about was in this way. When she arrived in England, she brought with her a letter of introduction and recommendation from the Countess of Stahremberg to the Countess of Burlington, and the latter lady received Mademoiselle Violette, on her being engaged at the Opera, into Burlington House, where she was treated with great affection, and where the attachment sprang up between her and Garrick which culminated in his offering her his hand. The marriage took place in June, 1749, and the Earl of Burlington presented the bride with a marriage-portion of six thousand pounds. It was this circumstance that gave rise to the idea that she was the earl's natural daughter. Garrick was rather nervous lest he should be bantered about the alliance; and, to forestall any ridicule that was likely to be showered upon him, he prevailed upon his friend Edward Moore to write a "diverting poem" upon his marriage.

A DREAM OF YORE.

BY W. REED KEYS.

Under the moonlight drifting,
Down the murmuring stream,
Hushed is the night and all is sweet,
As an Andalusian dream.

Softly her eyes are gleaming,
Yet bright as the stars above;
Silent am I, but responsive my heart
To the touch of the hand of Love.

Slowly—our boat has landed,
The oars lie idly by;
But the stream goes on forever—
Love lives eternally.

Too Late.

BY CURTIS YORKE.

LADY CATTERMOYLE was at home to-night to her visiting-list—fully a third of whom she had hardly spoken to thrice, and another third of whom she didn't care if she never spoke to again.

Most of the women were looking pale and bored; a smaller proportion looked hot and shiningly uncomfortable—where the power had worked off. Over most of the men a deadly apathy seemed to have fallen.

Some-one was singing a shrieking Italian love song. Such of the guests as happened to be familiar with that language recognized it not; those who were less accomplished arranged their expression to indicate critical admiration.

On a red velvet couch in a corner of the conservatory a girl was sitting alone. She seemed scarcely more than a child, and an indescribably forlorn look adorned her entire personality. She had some minutes been an apparent object of interest to a rather well-built man, who now detached himself from a doorway where he had been leaning, and lounged up to her.

"May I take you to the supper-room, Miss Sutherland?" he said in a lazy, pleasant voice.

"No, thank you"—her voice was soft and shy and pretty, like her face—"Aunt Eve doesn't like me to take supper so late at night."

An amused look came into Brandling's decidedly handsome gray eyes, as he seated himself beside her.

"You are a very dutiful niece, are you not?" he said, smiling a little. "Is Aunt Eve here?"

"No; she doesn't care for parties. I came with Mrs. Moorhope. But," hesitatingly, "have I met you somewhere before before? I don't remember your name."

"I had the pleasure of being introduced to you at Mrs. Coningsby Brown's, the other evening," he answered. "My name is Brandling—Lester Brandling."

"At Mrs. Coningsby Brown's?" she repeated, knitting her straight brows. "Was not that where the staircase was so narrow and the crowd of people so great that most of them couldn't get upstairs at all until it was time to go away?"

"That is a very fair description of Mrs. Coningsby Brown's usual entertainments," he acquiesced, glancing down critically at the small grave face beside him.

"Ah, I remember you now," she said, after leaning her chin on her hand for a second or two in apparently perplexing thought. "You are Sir Lester Brandling, are you not?" slightly emphasizing the prefix.

He bowed silently.

"And when you marry," she continued thoughtfully, "your wife will be Lady Brandling, will she not?"

"Er—yes," he answered, with the slightest possible elevation of his eyebrows. "When I marry, my wife will be Lady Brandling, without doubt."

"Yes—so Aunt Eve said, I remember," said Miss Sutherland, surveying him with calm, dispassionate eyes. Then, after a pause, she added, "I suppose you are what one would call quite elderly, are you not?"

"I'm not exactly a Methuselah," he made answer somewhat shortly; "I am somewhere about thirty-seven."

"Ah! I am only sixteen and a half," she said quickly, and with an obvious air of relief.

A rapid succession of thoughts chased each other through Lester Brandling's brain. For perhaps a minute he sat silent, his elbows resting on his knee, his eyes fixed on the marble pavement.

Meantime the girl subjected his somewhat expressionless face to a swift earnest scrutiny. She found the moustache, mouth, and chin eminently satisfactory, nor could she take exception to the nose. She was interrupted in her speculations regarding the eyes by their owner raising them suddenly. They looked less kind than his voice had sounded, she thought, and their glance was keen enough to make her own fall.

"Only sixteen and a half, are you?" he said slowly. "Forgive me—I should have thought you more."

"Should you? I feel a good deal more—since I came to town, I mean. It is only three weeks ago, really; but it seems a very long time."

And the little thing sighed.

"Ah! You don't like London life, then?"

"No," she answered almost fiercely, "I hate it!"

Brandling looked amused.

"That is a unique confession for a young lady in her first season," he said in his quiet even voice.

"Is it?" returned the child mournfully. "Well—I can't help it; I am so lonely and miserable. I was always lonely—always. I am an only child, you know, and my father and mother died long ago. But at home it was—it was a different kind of loneliness."

"Poor little things," said Brandling with a curious softening of the voice as he noted the almost imperceptible quiver in the girl's last words. "But have you no friends in town of your own age, who——"

"No," she interrupted him, "none. I have never been to school, you know. Aunt Eve preferred me to have governesses. And she would not allow me to know any of the girls at Lothbury, where I have lived all my life. She means me to make a grand marriage, you see," she added forlornly. "I am an heiress, and I shall have thousands of pounds to spend every year. But I had rather be quite poor, and have friends like other people."

"Poverty is not usually a passport to friendship," he observed drily. "If you have thousands of money to spend every year, you will, I think, find plenty of friends."

"If you mean girls—like the girls one meets in London houses," she said; with a quick movement of her slender shoulders, "I could not make friends of them. They have no hearts, I think, and they talk of things I cannot understand, or else of things that—that frighten me."

"And—but no, I suppose you have no men friends?" he queried, doubtfully.

"Oh no; I don't like men," she said, her soft mouth forming itself into a curiously severe little line as she spoke. Then she added, with a frown, "They are so—strange; and not very—not very polite, I think. And not any of them are interesting."

A faint smile dawned in Brandling's eyes and round his lips.

Seeing it, his companion flushed a little, and said hurriedly:

"But you mustn't imagine I think you are like those other men, you know. I am sure I should like you. The others didn't talk to me in the nice way you have done. You seem to me almost what I had fancied a nice girl friend might be like," she added, with a wistful glance at his grave face.

"And though I am not a girl, will you look upon me as a friend henceforth?" he said, feeling touched in a spite of himself, and looking down into the melancholy childish eyes with an unusual tenderness in own.

"Oh yes, if you will allow me," she answered, her cheeks flushing in pleased surprise. "How very kind of you. Of course my friendship won't be worth much to you, but yours will to me. I can assure you I have been quite happy for the last ten minutes. I don't feel at all shy with you: and I think you seem—you seem much more intelligent than I thought you would have been."

Brandling pulled his moustache silently for a few seconds. Then he said without the shadow of a smile:

"Thank you. I hope I shall continue to deserve your high opinion of me."

"Then that is settled," the girl went on with a sigh of relief. "I have got a friend at last. You may call me Patty, if you like."

"Is your name Patty?" he asked, feeling awfully amused and interested.

"I am always called Patty. My real name is Patricia. But I should like you to call me Patty."

She stopped suddenly, shrank back into her seat, and held her fan before her face.

"What is the matter?" said Brandling quickly.

"That man!" she whispered. "See! He is standing in the doorway. Ah, he has gone. I was so afraid he would see me. I—I dislike him very much."

"What?—Methuen? He's a very decent fellow, and decidedly an eligible. Most women admire him, I believe."

"Do they? I think him horrible. He——" she hesitated; then went on, leaning slightly nearer to Brandling's shoulder, "he asked me to—to marry him."

"The deuce he did!" thought the person addressed, stroking his moustache to hide an involuntary smile.

"And you don't want to be married yet, do you?" he said, almost caressingly.

"Oh, I don't mind. I suppose all girls have to be married, sooner or later. But—I wouldn't marry Lord Methuen for the world. He—he was so very rude to me."

"Rude?—to a woman?—Methuen?" repeating Brandling, opening his eyes rather wider than usual. "Surely you must be mistaken. Why, what did he say?"

"Oh! it wasn't what he said," she murmured confusedly, "so much as what he did not say?"

"By Jove," thought Brandling, "this is becoming immensely thrilling."

But he did not say anything; and Patty went on in a very low voice.

"When he had asked me to be his wife—and before I had time to speak—he—he kissed me!"

She looked up at him with dilated indignant eyes that evidently expected prompt sympthy.

"Oh—er—indeed!" was the most original remark her newly-acquired friend could think of at the moment.

"Yes. Wasn't it rude—ungentlemanly of them?"

"Well—er—you see—of course I can hardly judge," answered Brandling, stifling a wild inclination to laugh. "But—er—I suppose perhaps most fellows would have done so, you know."

"Would you?" This with a rising inflection of grieved surprise.

"I'm sure I don't know, Patty," he said, laughing a little in spite of himself. "Perhaps if I'd asked a girl I cared for very much to marry me, and if I thought she cared for me, the chances are—well, I dare say I might—er—kiss her, don't you know."

"Oh!" And she looked at him with an indefinable disapproving change in her expressive face. "I—shouldn't have thought you were a man of that kind!" she said slowly.

Brandling smiled oddly.

"My dear little new friend," he made answer, leaning slightly towards her, and laying his arm along the back of the couch, "in matters of that kind you will find, I am afraid, that there is only one kind of man in this world; and that kind is——"

Here he paused, checked by something in her upturned innocent eyes.

"What a funny little girl you are!" he said very gently (mentally exonerating Methuen from all blame).

Then he rose.

"Shall I take you to Mrs. Moorhope now?"

"No thank you. I had rather remain here," was the decided answer.

"Good-night, then," holding out his hand.

"Oh! Are you going?"

"Unfortunately I have another engagement."

"Well, good-night," she said, sighing somewhat regretfully. "Remember we are friends. And I may tell you everything, may I not? Just as if you were a girl?"

"Most certainly," he answered, smiling a little.

"And you, Sir Lester? I suppose you, perhaps, won't tell me everything?" This rather wistfully.

"I think it is probable that perhaps—I may not," he returned, releasing the small fingers he held, and thinking with an unaccountable sense of dissatisfaction of a certain wild supper-party where he was at that moment due. "Good-night again, Patty. I may come to see you and Aunt Eve, may I not?"

"Of course. I shall be so disappointed if you do not. Come every day. Come to-morrow."

* * * * * *

A dreary day; a dreary square; a dreary heart—a girl's heart. Patty's heart.

Poor little Patty. She felt the great house in Portman Square so lonely. Life seemed so lonely. She thought there could be no girl in all London so desolate and wretched as she on this gray wet day of June.

It could not be said that Patty had been a social success, in spite of her soft prettiness and her fortune. I can't exactly tell you why; but, with the exception of Lord Methuen and a certain parvenu peer, she had not found favor in the eyes of that year's eligibles. Between Brandling and Patty, however, a chum-like, totally unsentimental friendship had sprung up since that night at Lady Cattermoyle's. They met often, and Brandling had called twice, on which occasions Aunt Eve had been graciously pleased to approve of him very highly.

It must be confessed that Patty evinced an undisguised and undignified delight in her new friend's society at all times—a delight which subjected him to much mild chaff from his comrades. Not that he cared. He liked the innocent unconventional little thing, he told himself with a queer, unexplainable pang of regret, and if she valued his friendship, why should not she show than she did? So he became Patty's confident and friendly adviser; and she admired him and trusted him, and looked up to him, much as if he had been an elderly indulgent uncle.

I think I have hinted that to-day Patty was very unhappy indeed. Some love trouble? Not at all. The child had no idea of love—as it is understood between men and women. Her trouble faced rather the other way. As thus. The parvenu peer I have mentioned had laid at her feet his title (which was new) and his possessions (which were inconsiderable); and Aunt Eve's fiat had gone forth. Patricia Sutherland was to be the parvenu's bride.

"I never will—I never will," she was sobbing passionately to-day under the breath, as she walked excitedly up and down her room. "And yet—she will make me give in; I know it. Oh, what shall I do! There is no one to help me—no one."

She sat down in a low chair by the window, and remained quite still for a long time, resting her head on her little bits of hands.

It happened on that particular June afternoon Brandling was sitting at his writing-table, dashing off some rather important letters for dispatch by the evening mail. He had just lit a fresh cigar and selected a new pen, when the door opened and his man said hesitatingly:

"A young lady wishes to see you, sir."

Brandling looked up with an air of displeasure.

"I thought I told you I was not at home?" he said sharply.

"I told the young lady you were not at home, sir," returned Briggs, coughing gently; "but she said she would come up and wait until you came back."

"The devil!" exclaimed his master. "Did she give you her name?"

Wilson glanced over his shoulder.

"The young lady is a-coming upstairs now, sir," he observed, with the impassive face common to his kind.

Brandling swore a little under his breath, pitched his cigar into the fire-place, and his remaining letters into the blotting-book; then turned to greet—Patty.

At that moment he felt that he could cheerfully have shaken her.

"Really, Patty, you know—" he began seriously, as the door closed upon the stolid Wilson—"this is awfully imprudent, and——"

"Oh, never mind about imprudence," broke in his visitor hysterically. "What does it matter? I'm so very, very miserable—I had far better be dead!"

And to his inconceivable dismay, she broke into a storm of weeping.

"Patty, dear child, what on earth is the matter?" he said in a deeply-concerned voice, putting her gently into a chair, and feeling excessively uncomfortable and at a loss what to do or say.

But Patty only laid her head down on the table, and cried harder than ever. Wilson, at the keyhole, drew his own conclusions.

Really this sort of things would never do, reflected Brandling almost savagely at at last, finding that nothing he could say had any effect on the flood of Patty's woe. If the child knew nothing of les convenances—why, they must be explained to her.

And just then Patty checked her sobs, and looking up at her unwilling host with sweet tear-drowned eyes, said in a quivering little voice:

"I knew you would be pleased to see me."

Brandling preserved an embarrassed silence.

"If it hadn't been that I know you would help me, and not misunderstand me or anything, I think I should be mad by this time," proceeded Miss Sutherland, gulping down another sob.

Her hat had fallen off, and her curly brown hair floated about her small face like a russet aureole. Brandling felt he could not lecture her on the proprieties just then.

So he drew a chair to the table and sat down.

"Well, Patty, what is the trouble?" he said in a resigned kind of way.

Upon which, wildly and incoherently enough, Patty laid her griefs before him.

He listened gravely, with a passing spasm of inward amusement at the fate that had led him to become father-confessor to this small unconventional creature.

"Poor little woman! And you don't care about him?" he said, when at last she paused. "But no—of course you don't—you couldn't. Well, Patty, I suppose your aunt can hardly marry you to the man against your will."

"Oh, she could—she would!" burst out Patty in another agony of tears. "She was so angry before—about Methuen. This time she says she is determined I shall obey her. She doesn't seem to mind who I marry, so long as it is somebody with a title," added the poor child bitterly.

"Well, there, there—don't cry; that won't do any good, you know," said Brandling, in a soothing voice.

He sat pulling his moustache reflectively for about a minute, while Patty sat watching him with round piteous eyes. Then he said slowly.

"Don't you think you might do worse than accept Methuen? A word would bring him back to you. And he's a good fellow, Patty. I should think any woman would get to care for him—in time."

"Yes, I dare say," she answered wearily; "any woman but me." Then she went on with a wild passionate gesture of her little hands: "Why can't they let me alone? Why should I be married so soon? I used to think I didn't care—but I do. I want to wait until I am a little older—or if I must be married why can't I choose some one for myself, some one I can at least love and respect."

"By Jove! it is an infernal shame!" exclaimed Brandling hotly. "That old aunt of yours ought to be shot. Why should you wait and marry some one you care for? Poor little woman! upon my soul I don't know what to say to you!"

Patty looked disconsolately out of the window. Then she said:

"What should you advise me to do?"

"I should advise you to simply say to your aunt that—er—that—in fact——" here he paused. "Oh, it's barbarous, you know," he broke out impatiently, rising and walking once the length of the room and back again.

A dreary little smile had crept over Patty's face. Brandling felt strongly inclined to kiss her. She looked so small and tender and innocent. But of course he promptly nipped this momentary aberration in the bud.

"You see, little woman," he said, looking down at her with a very kindly expression on his good-looking face, "marriage is a serious business. A young thing like you can hardly realize—you don't know——" He paused uncomfortably.

"Yes, I do," she answered, a curiously solemn look creeping into the childlike eyes. "I have thought of all that. One's husband should be kind and true, and strong and gentle—someone to respect very much, and trust with all one's heart. And so"—the little thing went on gravely and earnestly—"I want you—I thought you would perhaps suggest it yourself, but you didn't—I want you to marry me, Sir Lester."

For the space of one minute Brandling preserved an astounded silence.

Then the comic aspect of the affair struck him, and he walked over to the far window, where he successfully strangled a mad desire to laugh long and wildly. When he could trust himself he turned to the room again. One glance at Patty, however, killed all thought of mirth within him.

Good Heaven! he reflected, what a child—what an absurdly innocent child she was! And how awfully pretty and anxious and winsome she looked just then!

Meanwhile Patty had risen, and stood watching his face with sad wide-open eyes.

"You will, Sir Lester, won't you?" she said wistfully.

"My dear child——" he began in an embarrassed way. Then he stopped. For the life of him, he couldn't find words in which to decline this (his first) proposal.

"I think we should get on very nicely," said the would-be bride-elect, coming a step or two nearer to him as he stood leaning against the bric-a-brac-laden mantelpiece. "You see, I have such a lot of money, and you—you haven't much, you told me." Then as she saw him draw his brows together sharply, she went on with quick intuition: "And you have a title; and Aunt Eve says I must marry a title."

"Good God! child, don't talk in that way!" he said sharply. "It sounds horrible from your lips."

"It's quite true, though," she answered, in a hopeless kind of way. "And I know I should be very happy and contented with you," she added, raising her innocent eyes to his face. "You are so sensible and kind, and so different from the others. I should feel so safe with you—so certain that though you would always take care of me and be good to me, you would never think of—of kissing me, or what London girls call 'making love' to me." And her short upper lip curled scornfully, while the tiniest of blushes tinged her fair face.

"On that latter point I'm not altogether sure," muttered Brandling, altering his position slightly. "But, however, that's beside the question. You know, Patty, my dear little girl, I'm not—er—not at all a marrying man. And though I'm awfully fond of you—you know that—I'm not one little bit in love with you. And you ought to marry some fellow who loves you with all his heart and soul. And—in short, Patty, it wouldn't do." Here he paused, pulled at his moustache in a nervous kind of way, and knocked a china photograph-frame from the mantelpiece to the fender, where it perished miserably.

Patty's lips quivered.

"Oh, very well," she said, in a voice Brandling could hardly hear. "I—I didn't know you disliked me—or I shouldn't have come."

"Patty—you know it isn't that——" he began, feeling like a brute. Then he stopped. After all—why shouldn't he marry her? As she had naively put it, she had what he had not—money. And he could make her Lady Brandling. He supposed he should have to marry some time. Why not marry little Patty? She would be docile and sweet tempered; and she was a pretty little creature, and by her own showing, he would not have to make love to her, nor play the devoted husband—unless when he chose. Their mutual indifference to each other would be rather an advantage than otherwise. And—well, he hoped he should make her a better husband than ninety per cent. of the fellows going. Birth and money. It was a fair enough exchange.

These thoughts flashed through his mind while Patty, looking like a small white ghost, put on her hat and walked halfway to the door.

"Patty"—he said hesitatingly. "Patty."

She paused, but did not turn; and Brandling, taking a few steps towards her, drew her by one hand gently back to her seat again. Then still holding her hand, he went on half-awkwardly, "You think you could be happy with me, Patty?"

"Yes, I do," she answered at once, her face brightening swiftly.

"You are sure you will not regret it—that there is no other man you—er—care for?"

"I am very, very sure."

"And do you know," he continued, looking down from her clear upturned eyes—"that ill-natured people will say that I—am marrying you for your money?"

"Never mind," was the cheerful answer; "you can tell them I asked you to marry me."

"No—I don't think I could do that," he replied, with a brief smile. Then after a pause he added, "Then you will—er—be my wife, Patty?"

"Why, yes, of course," she said without the slightest embarrassment, putting her hands confidently into his.

"And you do not mind my not—er—being in love with you?"

"Not in the least; on the contrary, I am very glad."

"Nor—" here the speaker flushed somewhat, and subjected Patty's beaming face to a searching scrutiny—"that I have—loved another woman?"

"Not one bit," and she laughed merrily.

Why was he conscious of a twinge of hurt vanity as she said this? Who can tell?

"It is a poor bargain for you, child," he said slowly. "But—perhaps you may get along together very well." Here he involuntarily bent his head to kiss her; then, remembering, drew himself up again.

"I—I forgot," he said laughing somewhat constrainedly. "Shall we consider it settled, then, Patty—subject to your aunt's consent, of course?"

She nodded gleefully, like a pleased child.

"Oh, I don't think she'll object," she answered. "Because she thought of you first of all."

"Oh, indeed," observed her betrothed drily.

But one glance at the clear guileless eyes made him ashamed of the swift thought that had darted through his mind.

"How old did you say you were, Patty?" he said in a wonderfully gentle voice. "Sixteen and a half, is it not? Why, little one, I am old enough to be your father."

"Yes, I know," she assented, contentedly.

* * * * * *

Six months later, on Patty's seventeenth birthday, they were married; and the little bride's fortune resorted Brandling Court, bought a house in town, and carriages and horses and many other things.

Brandling took his young wife abroad, in compliance with her earnest desire (though the prospect bored him fearfully), and was lazily kind and indulgent to her, laughing at her keen childish delight in everything she saw and heard, and giving her pretty much her own way in all things. And after three or four months of wandering they returned to England, and found themselves once more in the heart of the London season.

As the long summer days stole on, it came to pass that a strange new experience shook Patty's undisciplined girlhood. She awoke to bewildered consciousness that she had grown to care for her husband as she had never dreamed of caring for any man.

She knew that she loved him—as women can love sometimes—with the united passion of heart and soul.

And with this lifting of the veil from her pure young heart came a scathing humiliating remembrance that never left her, and tore her with an agony of shame—the remembrance that it had been she who had asked him, nay, entreated him to marry her.

Against his will he had consented. He did not love her; he never would love her. He had told her so. He had loved another woman—perhaps did still.

The poor child grew wretched. All her gay light-heartedness was gone, and Brandling more than once surprised her in fits of violent weeping. By-and-bye she fancied that he looked restless and miserable too; and that curse of love which we call jealousy, gnawed at her heart cruelly.

One night towards the end of June they had returned from some brilliant gathering at one of the Embassies. Contrary to her usual custom of late, Patty followed her husband into the library, where a cheery fire blazed in the grate, for the evening was wet and chilly.

"You didn't mind our leaving early, little woman?" he said, as he wheeled in a chair for her, and flung himself somewhat wearily on a broad lounge near the fire. "I've been feeling so confoundedly seedy all night, I really couldn't stand any more society gabble."

"Oh no, I was glad to come away too," she answered listlessly enough. Then seeing he pressed his hand in a tired kind of way over his eyes, she added: "Does your head ache, Lester?"

"Oh, I don't know. I believe it does, rather."

Patty sat very still for a minute or so. Then she said half under her breath:

"Lester——you are not very happy, are you?"

A dark flush rose to his face, and receding, left him curiously pale.

"Silly little thing," he said in rather a constrained tone, after a brief pause—"why should I not be happy? Haven't I got the nicest little wife in the world? Not to mention a good many other things? Come here and tell me what put such an absurd idea into your pretty head."

Was it Patty's fancy?—or was his smile somewhat forced and nervous, and was the hand he held out to her not quite steady?

She slowly crossed the hearthrug and knelt beside him.

"I don't know," she said in a low trembling voice. "But—it is true, Lester. You are—not happy."

He stifled a sigh.

"Well, dear"—he made answer, "most people have—have worries, you know. You are a dear little thing—to care."

As he spoke he put his arm lightly round her—a most unusual demonstration on his part—and passed his other hand caressingly over her curly hair. Half unconsciously she leaned nearer to him, impelled almost irresistibly to fling herself upon his breast, and implore him to love her—only a little.

His face was very near to hers, but she could not see it, for she dared not raise her eyes. Her heart was beating wildly. Would he—would he kiss her? He had never kissed her.

If she had looked up—— But she did not look up. With a confused sense of shame and embarrassment she drew herself suddenly away from him, and crouched in a trembling little heap on the floor. She could see his face now. It was white and stern and unloving. And his eyes?—yes, his eyes looked miserable Patty's heart sank.

After a long pause she said, almost in a whisper:

"Lester—sometimes I have fancied—you might look as you do if—if you cared very much for some one who—who, you thought, might never care—for you."

He bent over her suddenly, and taking both her hands, looked down into her eyes.

"And if I do, Patty?" said the dear familiar voice, with a strange unfamiliar passionate break in it—"and if I do?"

Her little face grew very pale.

"Oh, you have no right to do it!" she cried almost wildly—"you have no right. It is wicked, cruel of you!"

Brandling dropped her hands, and lay quite still for a minute.

Then he said bitterly:

"I know it, child. I know I have no right. I have not forgotten—our bargain. But——" He stopped, and leaned back on the sofa cushions, shading his eyes with his hand—"But I find it hard, Patty," he went on between his teeth—"terribly, infernally hard."

"And—you are miserable?" his wife said in a strange breathless kind of way.

He laughed mirthlessly.

"Yes—God help me—I am miserable."

"And it is my fault, I suppose?" she went on, speaking slowly and carefully, and with lowered agonized eyes.

"Well, yes, Patty"—and his voice sounded harsh—harsher than he knew—"I think without exaggeration I may say that it is your fault. But why talk of it?" he continued impatiently. "It can't be helped. I've been a blind fool, and I must take the consequences."

"Oh, it can be helped, perhaps," she said, with an odd little smile. "It might be helped—very easily."

"What do you mean, Patty?" he said sternly. "You are talking foolishly, and you know that you are. No—we must abide by what we have done, you and I." Then, after a minute, he added, speaking as if with an effort, "Run away now, there's a dear little girl. I'm—I'm out of sorts, and want to be alone. Besides, it's time you were in bed."

"Good-night, Lester," the poor child said almost inaudibly.

"Good-night, Patty. Don't look so vexed, dear. We shall pull along somehow, I daresay."

He had risen and taken both her hands in his. A strange, softened, longing look came into his eyes, and his head bent lower—lower yet—until his moustache almost brushed her cheek.

"May I, Patty?" he said rather unsteadily.

She shivered a little, and caught her breath; but she did not speak.

Brandling straightened himself, and dropped her hands.

"You need not shudder away from me like that," he said coldly. "I shall not force my kisses upon you."

Patty stood like a little stone statue. Something in the dumb misery of her young face touched a fierce new chord of jealousy within him.

"Patty!" he said, laying his hand heavily on her shoulders, and speaking within a sudden mad ring of pain in his voice that a less childish woman would have fathomed at once—"Patty, why do you look like that? Has what I have feared—come true? Have you too learned—what love means?"

His voice had grown hoarse and low; she felt the hands on her shoulders tremble. But she only smiled—a swift, pale smile it was, with a shadow of heartbreak in it.

"Did you—fear it so much?" she said, her dark, wistful eyes meeting his for a moment. Then her voice broke, and she cried desolately, "Oh, Lester, Lester—I did not know—what I had done!"

"No"—he answered slowly and bitterly—"as a rule—woman don't."

After a minute he said with an odd break in his voice.

"It is true, then! My God!"

For a brief space silence throbbed drearily through the room.

Then Brandling muttered huskily:

"Go now—for heaven's sake. I can't trust myself—to speak—to-night. Not to-night."

But Patty had already gone.

* * * * * *

A night and a day had whirled into space. It was night again, and Patty was

in her dressing-room, writing, by the light of a small shaded lamp, her first letter to her husband.

She had not seen him since last night; and he would not be home until late, she knew, for he was dining out with some old college chums.

The lamp lit up uncertainly her colorless sad little face, her brown curly hair, and the white dressing-gown she wore. Presently she laid down the pen and covered her face with her hands. But she was not crying. She did not often cry now. Almost a minute passed before she looked up again.

"And so because I know, that loving that other woman, you can never love me, my darling husband," she wrote waveringly, "and because it is my fault that you ever married me, I am going to set you free—in the only way I can."

A large blot fell here. Patty dried it carefully away. Then the pen scratched on again laboriously:

"You have always been kind and tender to me, darling Lester. Please forgive me for spoiling your life for a little time, and please believe that I did not know I loved you when I—on that day, I went to your rooms last year. I am not ashamed now to tell you now how dearly I love you, because when you read this it will not matter. You will not quite forget me, will you? God bless you always.

"Your loving PATTY."

In the echoing silence she stole softly—a small white-robed figure—into the adjoining room and back again.

"He will find it," she whispered under her breath—"when he comes home. And I—oh, I am afraid—I am afraid!"

Then her young face grew resolute and almost stern. She went to her dressing-case, opened it, took something out, and closed it again.

Patty! Wait—wait! The life God has given you—is it not a sacred thing? . . .

* * * * * *

Somewhere in the silence a clock struck two. The wind had risen, and was sighing drearily among the trees in the square. A deep lethargy had come over Patty.

Like one in a dream she heard her husband's step in the hall below. Presently she would see him, her heart whispered mistily to her brain. He would find her letter where she had left it on the table in his dressing-room, and, when he knew how soon he would be troubled with her no more—he would come to her—to say good-bye. Perhaps he would kiss her—just once——

No—he had not come upstairs; he had gone into the library. She heard the door shut. A sudden mad excitement surged through her. Ah! why would he not come quickly? Why had she not waited, only a little while? She must see him again.

A terrible, overmastering fear shook her. She tried to rise; but her limbs were powerless. Her little hands beat the air frantically. Then her struggling thoughts failed—and all was darkness. The curly head sank lower—lower—until her face was hidden on her outstretched arm.

Three—five—ten minutes passed. In Patty's room a deathly stillness reigned.

* * * * * *

It was long past dawn when Brandling came upstairs and went into his dressing-room.

A minute or two later he had flung open the door of his wife's room, and was kneeling by the white still figure at the table, his face blanched by a ghastly numbing fear. The passionate relief of finding her there unnerved him utterly; and for a few moments he could not command his voice sufficiently to speak.

Then he bent his head to hers, and put his arm gently round her.

"Patty—Patty," he murmured, and the words quivered with a deep agitated tenderness. My own wife, my darling—have you never guessed how I love you? There is no other woman, Patty. There is only you. My little one, you would not leave me—I know you would not. And yet—I know your letter frightened me, child. For one terrible minute I almost feared——"

He stopped. The silence, the utter stillness, chilled him. Patty's head had fallen heavily sideways; the darkened lips were slightly parted; the half-open eyes had a strange unreal fixity in their gaze, that made him dread—he knew not what. The little hands were icy cold as he pressed his lips to them.

"Patty! Patty!" he said in a quick hoarse whisper—"are you asleep? Are you ill? Why do you look so strange? What does it mean? Oh, my wife, for the love of God, speak to me!"

But Patty did not answer.

Then a sudden awful desolation of fear took hold of the man's very soul; and he caught to his heart, in a fierce passion of longing and despair, that which had been his, "to have and to hold till death should part."

"Ah, my God!" he cried, a terrible agony vibrating in his voice—"Ah, my God! am I too late?"

Yes—he was too late.

A REGIMENTAL GOAT.

A short ago the Queen of England was pleased to present the Second Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers with a white goat. As her Majesty, since the year 1844, has made a custom of keeping this Regiment supplied with their ancient emblem, the gift mentioned is only putting the Auxiliary Forces on a level with the Regulars—of which the Second Volunteer Battalion, formerly the First Flintshire and Carnarvonshire, forms an integral part.

To a foreigner this mark of Royal favor may seem peculiar. This well ascertained instance of a British Regiment leading an animal at the head of the drum, might very well be seized upon by some ingenious German mythologist. It would be an attractive, if delusive, theme to the student of animal worship and that "Totemism" which, in the hands of the folk-lorist, is made to serve so many purposes. According to this primeval superstition, every individual is descended from some inferior being, which must therefore be treated with respect.

Thus, among the Iroquois there is a Turtle Clan, and among the Choctaws a Clan of Gray-fishes; among the Osages a sept who trace their common origin to the beaver; in Australia numerous families who are descended from geese, ducks, and other water-fowl; in Senegambia clans who are proud of having a distant ancestor in the hippopotamus and the scorpion; in Equatorial Africa others who boast of being related to the monkey, crocodile, boa-constrictor, and wild pig; and among the Moquis of Arizona there is a tribe who would be mortally offended were they to be questioned as to the progeny of the rattlesnake, a pedigree, it may be added, which the frontiersmen are not inclined to dispute.

Again, did not the Scandinavians sail under the Raven flag, and do not all English Regiments bear on their flags some badge, generally the figure of an animal? The knights carried similar emblazonments on the shields, and so innate is the idea of the "arms" of civilized races, with their crests and supporters, being in some way connected with the ancient superstition indicated that, when the North American Indians first became familiar with the Eagle on the United States emblazonments, and the Lion on those of Great Britian, they concluded that the one was the American "totem," and the other that of the Englishmen.

Hence the temptation is great, for a savant who is prone to give mankind credit for greater depth than they possess, to theorize on the subject of the Welsh Fusiliers' goat being in some unrecognized way a survival from a time when the germ of this gallant Regiment was a sept of Celtic warriors who worshipped in groves, and were bonded together by the common kinship which descent from their caprine "totem" afforded.

The sun-myth and a great deal of the Aryan legend have, indeed, been founded on a basis not much more stable. Unfortunately, however, her Majesty's White Goat cannot claim part in any theory so profound. At the same time, it is—we believe—still a moot point in military history how this, like some other Regimental symbols, originated.

The custom of the old 23d Foot marching behind a goat with shields and garlands on its horns was well established at least a century ago, and so familiar has the practice been, ever since the Regiment has been good-naturedly nicknamed the "Nanny Goats" and the "Royal Goats."

The stubbornness of the goat is, no doubt in keeping with the motto of the corps though, on the other hand, its moral reputation is so bad that in Southern Europe the belief is that the Devil created it—an evil character which has descended from a day when, owing to its destructiveness to vines, it was sacrificed to Bacchus. Yet we are afraid that this fact would not alone account for the Welsh Fusiliers' partiality to it.

MAGISTRATE.—"You say this prisoner was robbing a man sleeping on a doorstep. That's a despicable crime. Where is the man who was robbed?" Policeman—"Sure, it was myself, your Honor. I waked up and ketched him.

ABOUT ARMOR.

In the British Museum are two fragments of a breastplate so beautiful and almost as puzzling. They represent a combat of warriors and Amazons, so wonderfully hammered that the heads of the figures are not thicker in substance than a wafer, while the cavities are an inch deep. When will modern science equal that?

These marvels enable us to form a despairing picture of Alexander's glory when in full array, as described by Quintus Curtius—his helmet, the work of Theophanes, adorned with white plumes; his gorget, set with precious stones; his breastplate, a masterpiece of Hellion, presented by the Isle of Rhodes; his sword, of temper and beauty unequalled, a present from the King of the Citiaeus. But Greek armorers sacrified no utility to art.

We read that Demetrius Poliorcetes obtained two coats of mail from Cyprus by the famous maker Zoilus, who himself delivered the goods, and to show their quality set one of them up before an "engine" of the siege train at twenty-six paces' distance. It cannot be supposed that the bolt weighed less than five pounds, and it would fly as swift as a cannon ball probably for a hundred yards. But the armor showed no deeper mark than "one might have scored with a stylus"—a large stiletto.

The evidence of this wonder is not contemporary—in the form that reaches us, at least. But Plutarch exercised a vigilant incredulity. If the statement had seemed very marvellous to him, he would have put a note of interrogation, if he repeated it at all.

Specimens of Roman armor are almost as rare—that is, authentic specimens. This may seem strange to honest folks who have visited Warwick. There they saw a room decorated with examples of the genuine gladius, such as Cæsar's legionaries bore. More interesting still, they are bright and unworn.

Those mysterious weapons have not received the attention which is, perhaps, their due from archæologists. Descending from ancient times, we must pass many and many a century before arms and armor demand notice as works of art. But in other respects, as has been said, they are always absorbing.

Among the wondrous monuments of Assyria, none, perhaps, strike home to our imagination so powerfully as the fragile scales of bronze which Layard picked up in a chamber of the North-West Palace.

These are personal memorials: so, in truth, are many other subjects of which those connected with the warrior race seems less striking. The man—perhaps the great King himself—who wore those scales sewn upon a tunic of leather or cotton may have been one of the invaders denounced by the Hebrew prophet.

The number of old English swords and lance heads and daggers that have been found is great, but very few are the remains of armor. Doubtless our remote forefathers used scales of bronze or iron overlapping, sewn on a breastplate of stuff; but chiefs at least had mail.

One English word for a poet is "wright," which seems to have been applied especially to singers of renown. "Bloop" was the general expression.

"Wright," of course, means maker, surviving under many combinations, as shipwright, wheelwright. It has been suggested that the term used thus par excellence was granted to the highest class of bards, because they wove and entwined alliterations which were distinctive of our ancient poetry as an armorer twined the rings in a suit of mail. He also was "the wright"; other craftsmen had the nature of their work prefixed. The derivation is ingenious: but when we recall that "poet," the Greek word, has just this same significance, "maker," it does not seem necessary.

If fine specimens of early chain mail have been found in England, in Scandinavia they are abundant all through the centuries where we look for them in vain.

The fact is puzzling. It may well be, however, that such panoply was less common among our forefathers, peaceful by comparison and stay-at-home, than among peoples eternally at war.

The first longing of a Danish youth would be, after receiving the paternal sword, for a suit of mail, a very expensive article; the Englishman might prefer a herd of cows or a piece of land.

It is often mentioned in the Sagas that every man abroad some Viking ship had his brynja—coat of mail;—sometimes it was four rings thick.

Iron thus worked up could not easily be turned to any other purpose, whereas an Englishman who wanted a ploughshare or an axe might be tempted to cut the rings or scales off his jacket and carry them to the nearest blacksmith.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is claimed that 42 young men of Atchison, Kansas, have taken an oath not to be found in company with a woman who wears hoopskirts.

"Romeo," the dog which made a famous reputation in connection with the Johnstown flood, died the other day. The animal was noticed extensively by the newspapers for his work as a rescuer in the disaster, particularly for saving the life of Mrs. Kress, the wife of his master. She was washed off a roof on which the members of the family were afloat, and would certainly have drowned had not the dog swam to her aid, and, seizing her skirt in his teeth, regained the raft after a desperate struggle. For some time past the dog had been blind and he had been cared for as tenderly as though he were human.

The moustache is becoming very fashionable in France. Parisians have been hunting for the origin of the custom of wearing this adornment, and the legend of most popular acceptance just now ascribes it to Spain. At a period after the Moorish invasion, when the Christian and Moslem population became so mixed that it was hard to say which were Moors and which Spaniards, the pious Spaniards hit upon the moustache as a means of identification. They permitted the hair on the upper lip to grow, and also a tuft on the under lip, an outline of the cross being thus formed. Thus, say the Parisians, the moustache became a symbol of liberty, equality and fraternity.

The Pope has sent to Chicago not only the two maps from the Borgia Museum (that of Diego Ribiera, A. D. 1529, and the earlier one bearing Alexander VI's dividing line), but also phototypes of the brief of Nicholas V. from the Vatican Regesta, addressed in 1448 to two Icelandic Bishops, and urging the despatch of missionaries to Greenland; also of the printed letters of Christopher Columbus to the Treasurer Raffaele Sanchez, giving an account of the discovery of America, of which only two or three copies now exist; transcripts of the first Papal bulls issued to countries in America; some manuscript notices of the family of Columbus, and other documents.

The collection of canceled postage stamps is just now engaging the attention of many school children and young women. There is a steady market for such stamps, at prices ranging from $1 50 to $5 for each 50,000. Certain firms in this city, and in Chicago, make use of old stamps for decorative purposes, and they have quietly advertised their desire for stamps among the school children. Although it would seem that the collection of 50,000 stamps was an interminable job, it is a fact that one young woman, who is employed in a wholesale dry goods house, has made $15 since Thanksgiving by selling canceled stamps at $5 for 50,000. She had upward of 200 wholesale firms aiding her in making collections.

It is generally thought that the saying, that the only people in New York worth knowing can be numbered by 400, was originated by Ward McAllister, but it can be found in the Bible, Acts v, 36, which speaks of Theudas boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves, who were scattered and brought to naught. The verse referred to reads as follows: "For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves: who were slain, and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered and brought to naught." Another verse worth mentioning in this connection is from I Samuel, 22: "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them, and there were with him about 400 men."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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Our Young Folks.

CHUBBY AND TROT.

BY T. B. C.

"WELL, this is a nice day!" exclaimed Chubby, as he set the basket down, "isn't it, Trot?"

"That it is," answered Trot.

"Croak!" cried the frog, "it isn't; it's too fine."

"And mother was a darling to give us such a splendid picnic basket, wasn't she, Trot? Just look at the raspberry tarts!"

"That she was," replied Trot.

"Croak!" cried the frog again. "Who cares for raspberry tarts?"

"And we shall have a jolly picnic, shan't we, Trot?" continued Chubby.

"That we shall," echoed Trot.

"Croak!" exclaimed the frog to himself; "shows how much you know about it. You won't have anything of the kind."

* * * * * *

Now the frog was an imp, only they did not know it; and they did not hear what he said, only Trot thought that she heard a croaking.

"What is that?" she asked of Chubby.

"That croaking?" said Chubby. "I expect it's a frog."

"Where is he?" asked Trot.

"There he is," answered Chubby, flinging a little pebble (it was a very little pebble), and nearly hitting froggy on the head.

"Take care!" squeaked froggy; "you just take care! If you throw stones I shall not tell you what I was going to tell you."

Chubby and Trot heard him this time.

"Oh, do tell us! do tell us, Master Frog!" they both cried out together.

"Will you promise not to throw any more stones?" he grumbled sulkily.

"Yes, yes; we promise! we promise!" shouted Chubby and Trot.

"Well, what I was going to tell you was that you are two young simpletons," croaked the frog; "that's all."

"Well I never!" exclaimed Trot indignantly. "I do call that rude!"

"So you are," retorted froggy; "you are two simpletons. Didn't you say it was a nice day? and didn't you pretend you liked raspberry tarts? and didn't you think you were going to have a jolly picnic?"

"Well?" cried Chubby and Trot.

"Well!" sneered froggy; "I should think it was well. I used to think the same when I was a tadpole."

"But we are not tadpoles," we'd have you to know," retored the two children.

"You're a sort of tadpoles," snarled the frog, "you're a sort of tadpoles. You're not grown up yet. You'll know better when you are. Good morning."

And with that froggy made as if he would hop away.

"Mr. Frog! Mr. Frog!" shouted Chubby, "come back and tell us what you mean."

"What I mean?" echoed the frog, with an air of innocence.

"Yes; what's the matter with the picnic, you know? What could be better than a fine day and a basket of raspberry tarts?"

"You wait till you get into High Life," replied the frog enigmatically; "you'll see then."

"High Life! What is High Life?" asked Trot, looking up to the clouds.

"Why, silks and satins, and horses and carriages, and goodies every day," answered froggy; "all holidays, no lessons, and lots of servants, and a great stone house—that's High Life. Ha! ha! raspberry tarts, indeed! Good morning!"

As froggy said this he was hopping off, with his head very high in the air; but Chubby and Trot called him back once more.

"Oh, please, Mr. Frog, dear Mr. Frog! Do tell us before you go just this one thing: how are we to get into High Life?"

"Well, I will tell you," answered the frog slowly, with a malicious twinkle in his eye. "Do you see yon poplar on the top of the hill?"

"Yes."

"And do you see the ladder that is leaning against the big haystack over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, you just carry the ladder up the hill to yonder poplar. Prop it against the stem, then run up the ladder and open the door with the key, and then round and round, and up and up, till you get into High Life."

"What door? what key?"

"Don't be in a hurry, my dears. You'll see the door fast enough, and I'll give you the key. Knock three times at the door, and say this rhyme:—

'Up with me, and down with them,
Be they of Japhet, or Ham, or Shem,
A heart of stone and a bag of gold,
And a clamp and a clutch that will keep their hold.'

That's the key, my dears. G-o o-o-d morning. Hump! Raspberry tarts, indeed!"

* * * * * *

Chubby and Trot sat looking at each other.

"What a queer frog!" said Chubby.

"Yes," replied Trot; "and I believe there are ever so many down by the river. Just listen how they croak!"

"I except he's telling them about us," remarked Chubby. "I say, Trot," he added presently, "it doesn't seem so bright as it did, does it?"

"No," answered Trot. "I think it must be clouding over; but I hope that it is not so."

"And the raspberry tarts are rather sticky, aren't they?"

"Yes," answered Trot, looking into the basket. "The jam has run out of some of them."

"It won't be much of a picnic after all, will it, Trot?" asked Chubby.

"I'm afraid not," responded Trot, half crying.

"Shall we go to the poplar?" said Chubby. "We might just try High Life, you know."

"It must be nicer than this, at any rate," answered Trot.

So they started, Chubby leading the way with the ladder, and Trot following with the basket.

They were terribly tired by the time they reached the poplar on the hill, but they reached it at last; and then Chubby planted the ladder against the tree and began to climb, and Trot went climbing after; only, of course, they had to leave the raspberry tarts at the bottom.

In due time they reached the top of the ladder, and there, sure enough, was the little door in the tree-trunk. Three times Chubby knocked, and then both together they repeated the odd little rhyme which the imp had taught them. The moment they said the last word the door flew open, and inside they saw a winding stair, climbing up and up, and round and round. It was rather dark, to be sure, but Chubby was immensely brave, and Trot kept hold of his jacket. So up and up, and round and round they went, till they began to feel dazed and confused; and how high they went, or how long they were going, they never knew, only they stepped out into the light presently.

The staircase in the poplar seemed to go higher yet, but this was evidently their station, for there, as big as houses, stood the words High Life.

* * * * * *

They found their carriage awaiting them—a magnificent vehicle, drawn by two fine goats. The coachman was on the box, and the nurse, with the best doll, was on the back seat.

Chubby and Trot took their seats, then the lady's maid got in, and off they rattled to No. 1, Gold and Silver Mansions.

Well, everything was very grand, to be sure, and they had as much money as ever they wanted. They had sweets and cakes at every meal, and they wore their best frocks every day. They sat down to supper every night, and they never did any lessons at all.

There was one thing, however, that annoyed them, and that was the behavior of an old lady of the name of Grundy who lived across the way, and who was always spying at them from her top windows. This troublesome old lady would not give them any peace. Chubby dearly liked marbles, but the very first game that he played Mrs. Grundy sent the footman with a note to say that it was not customary in those parts for people to play marbles. And Trot liked rolling hoops, but the old lady sent word that she never heard of such a thing as the aristocracy rolling hoops. Then again, Mrs. Grundy called one day, and explained that there was a rule in that neighborhood that people should take it in turns to visit one another's houses, and give each other information about the weather. It was true that they all knew quite well what the weather was like without being told, but that didn't matter at all: it was the rule, and it had to be done.

Well, one day Trot fell ill. Sitting up late, and feeding on sweets and cakes, had brought on an attack of lollipoltiopalmolicholia, as the physican explained. And as she lay on the sofa, she and Chubby wished that they were back in the old world again.

"I'm tired of it, I am," said Chubby; "got too many toys, I 'spect. Don't care for any of them, somehow."

"Yes," said Trot; "too many sweets too."

"And then Mrs. Grundy makes us wear such uncomfortable clothes," lamented Chubby; "and when I say I don't like it, she says 'Pooh! ridiculous! I'm pinched; why should not you be pinched too?"

"Chubby," whispered Trot, "don't you think we might run away, and get into the dear old world again?"

So they planned it, and watched their opportunity. And one fine day, when Mrs. Grundy was not looking, they took to their heels and off they went. But, alas! alas! Mrs. Grundy spied them from her window just as they were turning the corner. Away sped Chubby and Trot, and away ran Mrs. Grundy after them. Mrs. Grundy ran like the wind: her feet seemed not to touch the ground. Every minute she gained upon Chubby and Trot; every minute they expected to feel her shrivelled old fingers clutch them and take them back into High Life. But at length the poplar was in sight.

"Run, Chubby!"

"Run, Trot!"

Three more yards, and they would reach the little door. Then they heard the old woman panting behind them. They felt her hot breath on their necks and shoulders. One minute more, and they sprang through the door of the poplar. It shut, and Chubby and Trot were safe.

Down and down, and round and round: nearer and nearer to the old world by the dark and winding staircase. Round and round and round, and down and down and down; and when they reached the little door that opened on the ladder, the birds were singing in the branches, and the sun was shining, and there at the foot of the tree was their basket of raspberry tarts. But the strangest thing of all was that Chubby and Trot found that they had only been away ten minutes altogether; for they did not know till afterwards that in High Life a minute is as slow as a week.

So Chubby and Trot sat down under the poplar and ate their tarts, and laughed over their wonderful adventures, and kissed each other, and were ever so glad to be back in the old world again. And when they returned to the river bank there was the big imp-frog and all the little imp-frogs sitting in a row.

"Hollo!" cried the big frog, "back again! How's that?"

But Trot only flourished the basket, and cried "Whisht!"

THE HAIR.—When not the consequence of old age, baldness is a disease, says a physician, and is a far more terrible enemy to overcome than white or gray hair. No healthy person should begin to be bald till after fifty years of age, and yet a general lamentation arises of young people barely in their twenties losing their hair. There must be some defect of constitution, some disease of the hair that should not exist. Headaches and almost every kind of suffering of mind or body, cause the hair to fall off. Close application, thought or study will have a similar effect. Women are less subject to baldness than men. Man works more with his brain, generally than woman. He also indulges in drink and other excesses, and keeps his head covered more than women do. Hygienic precautions may do much towards maintaining the thick hair. I know of a man who kept his hair thick and black by never wearing a hat all his life. You must not expect that your hair will never fall, even in health; it falls at certain seasons to make room for new ones. If the fall continues too long, then cut the hair as you would cut a faded plant. It will grow stronger and richer afterwards. Frequent washing in cold water is also recommended to prevent the hair falling, and daily friction is good.

THE TROUBLES OF LIFE.—It is not true that the world is smooth. Therefore do not teach your boys that they will find it so. If you do they will have to learn the contrary by bitter experience. Tell them frankly that the pathway of life, to active men, to such as faithfully serve themselves and their kind, is rough, and rugged, and thorny. Then they will not be disappointed. But inculcate with this correct information lessons of physical and moral courage. Instruct them that he who shrinks from the encounter is a coward: while he who bravely does his duty, under all circumstances, in spite of opposition—sometimes, it may be, in the face of denunciation and obloquy—is a true hero. He has a sufficient reward, and of that he is always certain, in the mere consciousness of doing right. That will always buoy him up and support him in his darkest hours.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Hawaii is pronounced Hah-wy-ee.

A thousand children are born in the workhouses in London every year.

The plaintiff in a libel suit for $5000 at Findlay, Ohio, was recently awarded five cents.

The United States Mint in San Francisco is the largest one of its kind in the world.

It has been figured that each person in this country sends on an average 44 letters every year.

A preacher in Denton county, Texas, who is 95 years old, has 29 grandchildren and 28 great grandchildren.

Massachusetts has one library to each 1000 of her inhabitants, and a book and a half to each man, woman and child in the State.

The wonderful progress made in surgery is shown from the fact that only nine per cent. of all operations in amputation are fatal.

A hen, owned by R. A. Speed, of Louisburg, N. C., lately laid an egg, which, Speed claims, weighed one pound and one ounce.

Since 1820 Europe has sent 15,000,000 people to the United States, of whom Great Britain sent 6,000,000, Germany 4,500,000, and Ireland 3,500,000.

The royalties from Moody and Sankey's famous "Gospel Hymns" have amounted to $1,200,000, every penny of which has gone for charitable purposes.

Small singing birds, according to a well known biologist, live from eight to eighteen years. Ravens in captivity have been known to live longer sometimes than ravens.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has been established 88 years. During its long period of existence it has issued 134,000,000 copies of Scripture writings, translated into 350 tongues.

William Teeples, of Walkerton, Indiana, owns a cat, which, he claims will associate with nothing save chickens. The cat is said to mingle with the fowls, and roosts with them at night.

There is a woman in Kansas who is not only supporting her husband, he being too busy with politics to work, but who is also paying, in installments, the bill for his first wife's funeral.

Mrs. James Polly, of Green county, Ky., is 107 years old, and is the mother of 14 children, of whom 13 are living, the youngest being 50 years old. It is given as a fact that every one of the Polly family use tobacco.

Negroes and whites are permitted to marry in twenty three States and territories. These are Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

A drum lottery has been introduced by Italian fashionables for the benefit of the Naples poor. The prizes are miniature drums, elaborately painted by the first artists of the day, with military and animal subjects, charming heads, arabesques, etc., and there is quite a rage for these warlike symbols as drawing room ornaments.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has taken novel and effective steps to have the streets of his capital better lighted, whereby he hopes to diminish the danger of midnight assaults and robbery hitherto rife. The owners and occupants of all houses are ordered, under severe penalties, to display a light outside their dwellings from sunset till sunrise.

A Lewiston, Me., young lady has a very pretty album devoted to one maple tree in front of her house. She began in the early spring, and every week picked a dozen buds and pressed them, pasting them into the book when dry. Now she is completing the collection. Open the book, and you trace the growth of the leaves from the beginning of summer to the fall.

A young boy in Ionia, Michigan, wanted to attend the theatre the other evening, but he did not have the necessary money. He borrowed, from one of his companions, a telegraph messenger's book, and told the doorkeeper that he had a message for some one in the audience. After gaining admittance he threw the book out of a window to the messenger, and, naturally, enjoyed the performance.

J. H. Hoss, now an old man, living in Baltimore, was a postal messenger boy, and it was his duty to carry mail from the post office in Washington to the White House. Andrew Jackson was President at that time, and Mr. Hoss says that "Old Hickory" used frequently to come to the door himself to receive his letters. He occasionally said to the boy: "Come in and warm your toes, for they must be cold."

The people of Russia are more terribly afflicted with the infirmity of blindness than any other people on the globe. It is said there is an average of 21 blind persons to every 10,000 of population. In 1881, according to official figures, there were 180,872 totally blind people in European Russia, the Caucasus and Poland. In Poland there are 25 blind men for every 14 blind women, and the same percentage holds good over the most of Russia in Asia.

A MID-WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY W. W. C.

The mows outside are white and white,
The gusty flue shouts through the night,
And by the lonely chimney light
I sit and dream of summer.

The orchard bough creaks in the blast
That like a ghost goes shrieking past,
And coals are dying fast and fast,
But still I dream of summer.

'Tis not the voice of falling rain,
Or dream wind blown through latticed pane,
When earth will laugh in green again,
That makes me dream of summer.

But red lips then my own will meet,
And eyes so true and glad and sweet,
A heart that to my heart will beat—
This is my dream of summer.

OF HISTORIC EPIDEMICS.

As far as records go, there is no age, however remote, in which great infections are unknown. A terrible plague is said to have desolated the world 767 B. C., and the authentic histories of Greece and Rome show a tolerably continuous record of such scourges.

The Welsh Bardic Triads reveal to us three dreadful pestilences of the Isle of Britain, and the more prosaic Saxon Chronicle gives us the date of many similar visitations.

There was a great pestilence A. D. 664, while under the year 897, the chronicler records: "Thanks be to God, the army (of invading Northmen) had not utterly broken up the Angle Race; but they were much more broken in three years by a mortality of cattle and men."

Another great mortality is recorded A. D. 962, when "the great fever was in London;" and the year 1057 saw the visitation of a disorder, which was perhaps a kind of influenza, widespread, but not assuming the destructive character of a pestilence.

The beginnings of the Black Death arose in China about the year 1333, with drought and famine in the great river plains which were followed by floods so violent that four hundred thousand people perished.

Great telluric convulsions occurred over the same tracts. The mountain Tsinchoou fell in, and vast clefts were formed, from which it is said that noxious vapors ascended.

Anyhow, flood and famine were followed next year by a terrible plague, which carried off five millions of the wretched Chinese, while in 1337 a still more dreadful famine destroyed another four millions.

In England the Black Death made its first appearance in Dorsetshire, and quickly spreading over the west, it reached London by way of Oxford, leaving death and desolation behind it everywhere.

It was as fatal in the country as in the town. Whole villages were depopulated, and small towns were almost wiped out of existence.

The dead lay unburied as they had died, for priests had been swept away with their flocks, and in many parishes there was no one left to celebrate mass, while every trade and craft was suspended in the universal terror and suspense.

To add to the horror of the times, bands of marauders roamed about unmolested, robbing alike the dead and the living; and dogs, deprived of their masters by death, came together in packs, made ferocious by hunger, and scoured the country like so many bands of wolves.

The Black Death was doubtless what we now know as the Oriental plague in its most virulent form. It was accompanied with inflammatory boils and black spots, the appearance of which was esteemed the sure forerunner of death.

Smallpox, too, was not unknown at that date; a disease which we are told we owe to the Saracens, who brought it with them from Arabia, and made its first appearance in England in the thirteenth century.

If the sixteenth century was notable for its "sweating sickness," the seventeenth was no less so for successive visitations of the Oriental plague.

The eighteenth century, though not distinguished by any widespread pestilence, was visited by many destructive local epidemics. Smallpox was especially virulent, with scarlet fever and typhus, and while the rude municipal precautions of an earlier date had fallen into disuse, no effective sanitary system had taken place.

The present century will be known to posterity, probably, as the age of cholera.

The first great world-famed pestilence had its first recorded origin in 1817, at Jessore, a town not a hundred miles to the north-east of Calcutta. Soon the disease spread all over India, which it ravaged for a couple of years, when its force declined, but it had already commenced its slow, relentless march towards the west.

On the frontiers of Europe the fell disease made a long pause, and it was not till 1830 that it showed itself in full force in Northern Europe, ravaging Russia, Prussia, and Poland, and attacking Berlin in 1831. The infection followed the course of the Elbe and the Rhine; it reached Hamburg in 1831, and from thence a ship's crew brought the disease to Sunderland. London was devastated in 1832, and it made its appearance in America.

For battles and sieges in general the cholera has an unfailing appreciation. It appeared in 1866, during the Austro-Prussian War, and if we escaped a general pestilence after the Franco-German War, that was due perhaps to the severe winter which concluded the campaign. But cholera wrought havoc enough among the Turks and Russians in their sanguinary struggle, although its ravages did not extend far beyond the limits of the battle-ground.

A remarkable visitation was that of 1830, in the shape of an influenza which spread over East and West, and in England preceeded the terrible invasion of the cholera. Another influenza epidemic followed the disappearance of that pest, and reached London in 1837, when almost the whole population was attacked, and the mortality was great. Since then, up to the time of the grip's late visitation, the disease has only shown itself in a mild sporadic form.

Grains of Gold.

Wherever there is selfishness there is sin.

The greatest of all duties is the present one.

Every good man on earth is a pillar to help hold heaven up.

Wherever there is a sin it is sure to be followed by a sorrow.

No man can be truly brave who is not seeking to be truly good.

No man is good who behaves himself simply because he has to.

The best answer you can make to self-conceit is to keep still.

There are too many men who love to preach but hate to practice.

Many there be that buy nothing with their money but repentance.

Modest appearance, good humor, and prudence make a gentleman.

For every fault we can point out in others we have two of our own.

If you want to keep out of darkness, never let the sun go down on your wrath.

The man who thinks that his sin will never find him out makes a great mistake.

We should not make our profession of religion a receipt in full for all other obligations.

There are people who think their neighbors' houses need painting because they neglect to wash their own windows.

Putting your enemy in the wrong in the sight of men is the worst kind of defeat, against which neither individual nor nation can long persist.

It is hard for a man to bear his own good luck, it is harder still for his friends to bear it for him, and but a few of them ordinarily can stand that trial.

Femininities.

The fashionable girl's muff is scented.

Scientists say that beer drinking induces rheumatism.

A Salisbury, N. C., woman is reported to be cutting her third set of teeth.

Many handkerchiefs are moistened by sorrows that never occur.

Love always takes off its coat when it goes to work.

Two women are fighting in the courts at Atlanta, Ga., over the ownership of a rooster.

Labor troubles are often caused by men who are trying to make a living without work.

Mrs. Riley Yates, of Springfield, O., recently gave birth, it is claimed, to her 24th child.

The boy who lost his balance on the roof found it on the ground shortly afterwards.

When looking out for great opportunities we are apt to let little ones slip through our grasp.

The type-writer backache is a new ill. It should be guarded against by a high seat and a footstool.

A Craven county, Ga., colored woman recently gave birth to a baby weighing, it is said, 22 pounds.

At a recent wedding in Pleasant Hill, Mo., both the bride and groom carried large bouquets of flowers.

Go not for every grief to the physician, for every quarrel to the lawyer, nor for every thirst to the pot.

There is joy in heaven when a sinner repents, but nothing said on a millionaire's monument has any effect.

When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, so that your appearance may be all of a piece.

It is reported that nearly 9000 women in England have signed the protest against the introduction of crinoline.

Joseph and Louisa Galiano, of Hartford, Conn., have been twice married and twice divorced from each other.

The wife of Eli Miller, who lives near Valley City, Ind., has given birth, it is said, to 7 children in the past 12 months.

Make it a constant habit to be kind to everybody, and you will do more good than if you went about scattering money.

The feminine cigarette case is a recognized product of the silversmith. It is made to repose in the bosom of the dives.

Lady Evans, wife of the ex Mayor of London, was a housemaid at the Oaks Hotel, Seven Oaks, England, prior to her marriage.

Adelina Patti is reported to sleep with a silk handkerchief round her neck. She uses a very cold gargle of salt water every morning.

Maid servant: "Professor, oh, professor! just think, I have swallowed a pin!" Absent-minded professor: "Never mind; here is another one."

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Tate, of Oral, Penna., celebrated their golden wedding dinner, it is claimed, in the same room in which they were married.

The ocean is said by some to be more productive than the land. An acre of good fishing ground will yield more food, they say, than an acre of the finest farming land.

"The fashionable Mrs. Tyler is ill." "With what?" "The doctor won't say. He wants to find out what the prevailing malady in society is to be this spring before he commits himself."

"I would not be a woman, for then I could not love her," says Montaigne. Lady M. W. Montague says: "The only objection I have to be a man is that I should then have to marry a woman."

Jones had been out to a champagne party, and returned home at a late hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four. "One—one—one—one," hiccupped Jones. "I say, Mrs. Jones, this clock is out of order; it has struck one four times."

One day recently the young son of a Mr. Davis, of Roslyn, Virginia, is reported to have found in a rat's nest a valuable watch. It is of solid silver, it is claimed, with 18 jewels, a compass and several other features that are not found in the ordinary modern watch.

A rose bath is a luxury far off, desirable but unattainable, so says the practical mind—but not so. This luxury of the ancients can be obtained at a cost second to nothing. The bath of roses can be made as follows: The warm water in quantity amounting to the usual requirements of the bath, is first softened by stirring into it finely-sifted oatmeal, to which is also added half a pint of glycerine; lastly, put into it two drops of attar of roses. If the massage treatment be available, use it by all means; if not, let a coarse towel and hard rubbing serve the purpose of the massage system. This bath is simply fine, as it softens the skin and blends perfume into each line of the body. After all, it is a simple thing, too, the two drops of the attar of roses being the greatest expense of all.

Masculinities.

A grievance to a man is what a sore heel is to a boy.

You can never judge a man from his appearance in a wedding suit.

He whom the good praise and the wicked hate, ought to be satisfied with his reputation.

A man may be the very essence of virtue and yet far from happy—if he have the rheumatism.

It is said that of the 300,000 young men of New York city not more than 75,000 ever enter a church.

You can drink or let it alone, eh? Well, suppose you try to let it alone for a week as an experiment.

It is a wrong impression a man gets when he thinks he can pull himself out of trouble with a corkscrew.

There is nothing the devil works harder to do than to keep a bad man from thinking about his good mother.

When a man begins by saying, "Of course, it is none of my business, but—" it is a sign he is going to make it his business.

James Cullom, of Texas, who is 97 years of age, recently ran two middle-aged men a foot race for the drinks and cigars.

A resident of Ash Camp, Ky., is 87 years old, has 15 children and 85 grandchildren, two of whom are of the fourth generation.

Before you kill yourself trying to accumulate wealth, go and ask a millionaire how much money it takes to make a man rich!

When a member of a local corporation wanted his picture in an heroic attitude, the artist painted him in the act of refusing a drink.

One day of sickness will do more to convince a young man that his mother is his best friend than seventeen volumes of proverbs.

Perterzo Irnchzizkowskelowski is a San Francisco cabinet maker, and Petorjo Zinnchzizkomskekowlowski is a Buffalo boiler maker.

The pastor of a Sedalia, Missouri, church advertises "good music and short sermons," with the result that his church is always filled.

Two members of a bicycle club at Granada, Spain, recently had a duel on bicycles, which resulted in the death of one of the participants.

The average limit of sustained attention in an audience is about 20 minutes, and it is very difficult for a speaker to interest his hearers 30 minutes.

The wife of a Mr. Janviers, at Athel, Maryland, gave birth to triplets a few days ago, two girls and a boy, and they have been named Grover, Frances and Ruth.

Dr. Alley, who died at Moravia, New York, recently, aged 91 years, was the oldest homœopathic physician in the country. He had been in continuous practice for over 60 years.

"No," said good old Mrs. Jenkins, "I haven't any faith in these new-fangled specifics. I've buried eight children in my time, and the good old-fashioned yarbs is plenty good enough for me."

"As long as she was merely my wife's mother," said a young husband, "I had her pretty well under control. But, now that she's my wife's mother and the baby's grandmother also, she is simply one too many for me."

Policeman: "Well, my little dear, if you can't tell me your mother's name, or where she lives, how are we to find her?" Little girl, lost while out shopping: "Jes' put me in a store window an' mamma'll be sure to see me."

He: "Would it make you very sad if I told you I was going to marry some one else?" She, who does not show the desired anxiety about accepting him: "It would, Jack, if the girl was a very near and dear friend of mine."

A gentleman traveling on a railroad lost his hat; when, without a moment's hesitation, he pitched out his hatbox, on which was his name and address; wisely judging that the latter would lead to the return of the former, which it did.

Queen Victoria's annual spring visit to the Continent costs about $35,000, which is not large considering the fact that $6000 per week was demanded as rent for a villa in Florence which was recently inspected on behalf of Her Majesty.

A prisoner who recently escaped from the jail at Springfield, Mo., has informed the authorities, it is reported, that he will remain away long enough to kill his two cousins, who testified against him, after which he will return to prison and pay the penalty.

The small town of Grifton, North Carolina, can probably lay claim to more division than any other small place in the country. The village is located, it is said, in two counties, three townships, two Congressional districts, two Senatorial districts and two judicial districts.

OF SLEEP-WALKING.

THE simplest and perhaps least surprising cases of this habit perhaps, are those in which the locomotive powers alone of the body are set in action by the vividness of a dreaming impulse. The person rises, strikes his head or body against something, and awakes. A leap from bed is also a comparatively common and slight species of somnambulism.

In the belief of being compelled to cross a ditch by the pursuit of a bull, a gentleman bounded some time since from bed, and at one spring found himself placed upon a dressing-table which stood a short way from the foot of the bed. A few inches farther, and he would have passed through, or at least struck, a window.

But such cases have little interest in comparison with those in which the somnambulism is not momentary, but of continued duration.

The following case is related by Smellie in his Philosophy of Natural History:—

"Near thirty years ago, I had an opportunity of examining a striking example of somnambulism. Within a mile of Edinburgh, I happened to reside some time in a farmer's house. Mr. Baird, my landlord, had a servant-maid, whose name was Sarah. I was not long there, when I learned from the family that Sarah, particularly after receiving an affront, or being angered, was accustomed to rise in her sleep, to go out, and to walk about the fields. My curiosity was excited, and I begged to be informed the first time that Sarah should rise in her sleep. A few nights afterwards, one of Mr. Baird's sons awaked me, and told me that Sarah had got out of bed. I immediately hastened to the apartment where she slept. When I arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, one of their sons, and a servant-maid, Sarah's companion, were present. Sarah was in the midst of them. I took my seat by her. We began immediately to converse. She answered any questions that were put to her pretty distinctly; but she always mistook the person who spoke, which gave us an opportunity of assuming any character within the circle of her acquaintance.

"I knew that one of the farmer's servants, whose name was John Porteous, was a lover of hers; and therefore I addressed her in the style which I supposed John might have sometimes done. From that moment she began to scold me, and in the most peremptory manner forbade me ever to speak to her again on that topic. The conversation was accordingly changed. I talked of her mistress, who was in the room, because I knew that they had occasional quarrels. Till now, I suspected that the whole was a trick, but for what purpose I could not discover. Sarah, however, abused Mrs. Baird in the harshest terms; she said but the other day she had been accused of stealing and drinking some bottles of ale; that her mistress was suspicious, cruel, and narrow-minded. As the mistress of the house was present when these and other opprobrious terms were used, I began to be shaken in my preconceived notion of imposture, and therefore changed the object of my experiment and inquiries. I examined her countenance, and found that her eyes, though open, wild, and staring, were not absolutely fixed. I took a pin, and repeatedly pricked her arm; but not a muscle moved, not a symptom of pain was discoverable.

"At last she became impatient to leave the room, and made several attempts to get out by the door; but that was prevented by the domestics. Perceiving her inability to force the door, she made a sudden spring at the window, and endeavored to throw herself over, which would have been fatal to her. To remove every suspicion of imposture, I desired the people, with proper precautions to prevent harm, to try if she would really precipitate herself from the window. A seemingly free access was left for her escape, which she perceived, and instantly darted with such force and agility, that more than one-half of her body was projected before her friends were aware. They, however, laid hold of her, and prevented the dreadful catastrophe. She was again prevailed upon, though with much reluctance, to sit down. She soon resumed her former calmness, and freely answered such questions as were put to her.

"This scene continued for more than an hour. I was perfectly convinced, notwithstanding my original suspicions, that the woman was actuated by strong and natural impulses, and by no design to deceive. I asked if any of the attendants knew how to awaken her. A female servant replied that she did. She immediately, to my astonishment, laid hold of Sarah's wrist, forcibly squeezed and rubbed the projecting bones, calling out at the same time, 'Sarah! Sarah!' By this operation, Sarah awoke. She stared with amazement, looked round, and asked how so many people came to be in her apartment at so unseasonable an hour. After she was completely awake, I asked her what was the cause of her restless and violent agitation. She replied, that she had been dreaming that she was pursued by a furious bull, which was every moment on the point of goring her."

In the preceding case, there is one point worthy of especial note, and this is the insensibility of the girl to pain when her arm was repeatedly pricked.

The following case, mentioned by Mr. Macnish, is scarcely less wonderful. It occurred near one of the towns on the Irish coast:

"About two o'clock in the morning, the watchmen on the Revenue Quay were much surprised at descrying a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the revenue boat's crew, they pushed off, and succeeded in picking him up; but, strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure was, that the man had left his house at twelve o'clock that night, and walked through a difficult, and to him dangerous road, a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swum one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up."

The state of madness gives us, by analogy, the best explanation of the condition of these climbers and swimmers. With one or more organs or portions of his brain diseased, and the rest sound, the insane person has the perfect use of his external senses, yet may form imperfect conclusions regarding many things around him.

The somnambulist, with his senses in activity, but with some of his cerebral organs in a torpid state, is in much the same position as regards his power of forming right judgments on all that he hears or sees.

The story of the sleeping swimmer is borne out by a statement from an indisputable authority—Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

The doctor relates, that on one occasion, while bathing in a hot salt-water bath, he fell asleep, and floated on his back in that state for nearly an hour, as his watch testified to him.

It is consistent with fact, that many country surgeons, who ride much by night, and pursue a most laborious life generally, sleep perfectly well on horseback. This, however, although a position in which the bodily motion is not entirely passive, is not properly somnambulistic.

Perhaps the most perfect sleep-walkers were Sir John Moore's soldiers, many of whom, in the disastrous and fatiguing retreat to Corunna, were observed to fall asleep on the march, and yet to go on, step by step, with their waking companions.

Somnambulism, it was stated at the close of the farm servant's case, had of late years assumed a new and more interesting aspect. This has arisen from the discovery—if it be allowable to call it a discovery—that animal magnetism is capable of inducing a peculiar state of somnambulism, and that, during the continuance of that state, sensation or sensibility is destroyed. It has been seen that Smellie found the farm maid-servant to have lost sensibility in her arms. This is a statement corroborative of the account given of magnetic somnambulism.

Taking advantage of this absence of sensibility, surgeons, it is said, have performed upon magnetic somnambulists the most severe and painful curative operations, without inflicting on the parties a moment's suffering of the slightest kind. The patient's mind, meanwhile, seems in a perfectly sound and active state, but without the power of remembering anything that passed in the unmagnetised state.

It would be a wonderful thing, indeed, if we could arrive at means by which all the painful operations to which the human body is rendered liable by disease or accident, could be performed without suffering to those who undergo them.

"ANTI-CRINOLINE LEAGUES," it is reported, are being organized in Boston and elsewhere.

For rheumatism and neuralgia you cannot get a better remedy than Salvation Oil.

TABLE CUSTOMS OF OUR ANCESTORS

A thousand years ago, when the dinner was ready to be served, the first thing brought into the great hall, says a contemporary, was the table. Movable trestles were brought, on which were placed boards, and all were carried away again at the close of the meal. Upon this table was laid the tablecloth, which in some of the old pictures is represented as having a handsome embroidered border.

There is an old Latin riddle of the eighth century in which the table says, "I feed people with many kinds of food. First I am a quadruped, and adorned with handsome clothing; then I am robbed of my apparel and lose my legs also."

The food of the Anglo Saxon was largely bread. This is hinted in the fact that a domestic was called a "loaf-eater," and the lady of the house was called a "loaf-giver." The bread was baked in round flat cakes, which the superstition of the cook marked with a cross, to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter, and cheese were also eaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the acorns of the oak forests, which then covered a large part of England, supported numerous droves of swine.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not only hearty eaters, but unfortunately deep drinkers. The drinking-horns were at first literally horns, and so had to be immediately emptied when filled; later, when the primitive horn had been replaced by a glass cup, it retained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, for it had a flaring top while tapering toward the base, so that it too had to be emptied at a draught.

Each guest was furnished with a spoon, while his knife he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who dreamed of them when Nature had given them ten fingers? But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after it was ended.

Roasted meat was served on the spit rod on which it was cooked, and the guest cut or tore off a piece to suit himself. Boiled meat was laid on the cakes of bread, or later on thick slices of bread called "trenchers," from a Norman word meaning "to cut," as these were to carve the meat on, thus preserving the tablecloth from the knife.

At first the trencher was eaten or thrown upon the stone floor for the dogs which crouched at their master's feet. At a later date it was put in a basket and given to the poor who gathered at the manor gate.

DESIRE OF ESTEEM.—Every one who has any regard for good character and reputation will deport himself in such a manner as to deserve and receive appreciation. Whenever a person is seen exhibiting utter disregard of the esteem and approbation of others, the most unfavorable anticipation may be formed of him; he has annihilated one of the greatest restraints on an evil course which a kind Providence has implanted within us, and exposes himself to the hazard of vice and misery. It is narrated of Sylla, the Roman Dictator, that, on a certain occasion, happening to see Julius Cæsar walking immodestly in the streets, he remarked to those around him that he foresaw in that young man many Mariuses, distinctly intimating that a person, so destitute of the feelings and opinions of others, would be likely to take a course dictated by his sensuality or ambition, irrespective of the admonitions of conscience and consideration of the public good. But while it is proper and just to entertain in our conduct an appreciation of the good opinion of others, we should guard against making them our ultimate rule of conduct. Temporary impulses and peculiar local circumstances may operate to produce a state of public sentiment, to which a good man cannot conscientiously conform. L. G. W.

IT MAY be regarded as almost certain that if a canal should ever be cut through the Isthmus of Panama at the sea level, no difference of level will be found to exist between the two oceans except what may be accounted for by purely local causes, such as ocean currents or prevailing winds, which may heap up the water a little more on one shore than on the other. It was believed before the Suez Canal was cut that the difference of level between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean would be sufficient to cause a powerful current in the canal, but in point of fact the current is almost imperceptible.

THE safest means of getting rid of a bad cough is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

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Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand, to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY.

From 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

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Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

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BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 CENTS per box. Sold by all druggists.

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Be Sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Book of Advice mailed on application.

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"The Maybrick Case" is a treatise on the English criminal law, bearing on this famous trial, by Dr. Helen Densmore. Published at New York, by Stillman & Co., 1398 Broadway.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Music" for February shows a decided advance even on the high character of those issues preceding it. It is a very valuable magazine for all classes of music lovers. Published at Chicago.

"The Cosmopolitan" for February is one of the finest magazines ever issued. From cover to cover its matter and pictures are new, valuable and highly entertaining. Published at New York.

For Sunday and general reading the illustrated "Quiver" for March can be commended to all. Published at New York.

FAULT-FINDING.—Don't get in the habit of it. It's the easiest thing to do and the hardest thing to stop in the wide, wide world. It ruins your temper and spoils the shape of your mouth. Try and see the good, rather than the disagreeable, in the people and your surroundings

You wouldn't go into a friend's house and find fault with what she does, and with what she has, and her ways of living; what right have you, then, to find fault with those who are more than friends to you—the people of your own blood?

If there is a grace that we are all stingy with, it is that of giving praise, and yet it is one with which we ought to be lavish. Why should you tell your friend that her bonnet is becoming, when you have never said as much to your sister?

Why should you go out to tea and praise your neighbor's muffins when you have forgotten to tell mother how good hers were? Why should you announce how much Mr. Wilson, over the way, knows, when father is a great deal better informed man, and it has never entered your head to whisper quietly to him how much you appreciate his wisdom?

You keep your ability to discover faults for the home, while the eye that should look for virtues is closed tightly until you go out.

Don't wait until someone has gone from you to tell of their virtues. Don't wait until sister is far away in another land to tell her how hopeful, how pretty, or how courteous she is; and don't wait until the weary hands are crossed and the long sleep has come, before you make mother know what a beautiful blue are her eyes, how tender is her heart, and how dearly you love her.

Tell it all now—now, when the walk through life is hard, and the sunshine of praise is yearned for to brighten it, and to warm and encourage the pilgrim by the wayside. M. S.

NOT AN ENEMY.—Count Jaubert was wonderfully happy at repartee, and in his sallies was utterly indifferent as to whether it was a friend or an enemy who suffered. If however he happened to compromise himself, he had a happy knack of setting himself right in a moment. On one occasion, having been highly displeased with Marshal Soult, he made the illustrious soldier the butt of innumerable epigrams. The Marshal, hearing of this at one of Louis-Philippe's receptions, turned his back upon the Count just as he was stepping forward to salute him, some thirty gentlemen being present. "Monsieu le Marshal," said Count Jaubert, with the utmost sang-froid, "I have been told you do not look upon me as one of your friends. I'm delighted to find that there is no ground for the rumor." "How so, monsieur?" "Because," replied the count, "you are not in the habit of turning your back to the enemy." The Marshal, it is perhaps needless to say, at once held out his hand to Count Jaubert.

THE wearing of birds' feathers on female headgear is so common that but few probably, realize the immense slaughter of the bird tribes which it necessitates for meeting the demands of fashion. An idea of the great extent of this destruction may be derived from the fact that one dealer in London is said to have received in a single consignment 32 000 dead humming birds, 80,000 aquatic birds, and 800,000 pairs of wings, which latter are often wrenched off during life, leaving the mangled birds to die slowly of wounds and starvation. The above was only one shipment to the city of London, and when the other great capitals of Europe, as well as those in the two Americas, are taken into account it becomes apparent that the destruction of bird life, simply to gratify human vanity, is enormous. Such a barbarous custom is discreditable to civilization.

WANTED.—Following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a late copy of a Georgia paper: "Wife wanted, by a young man 21 years old, 6 feet tall, auburn hair and moustache to match, has never killed anybody nor voted the Third Party ticket, nor taken a drink of whiskey. Was educated at the University of Georgia, but was reared in South Carolina. Is good looking and affectionate, has no property, but his people are all rich, and his chances are good. Any young lady desiring a husband address F. C. W., this office. When answering please send full description."

CHANGING ITS NAME.—Marshal Augereau, who was Governor of Wurzburg under Napoleon I. was a lover of wine and women. Before emptying his glass of wine and mineral water it was his habit to say "Toujours l'amour!" The good Wurzburgers used to imitate their Governor, but the nearest they could get to it was "Touschourlamour." In time they said Schourlamour, and at last Schorlemorle, which to this day is the name by which the Wurzbergers know a glass of wine mixed with mineral water.

For 100 years Bedford Water has cured thousands yearly of Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Liver, Kidney troubles of all kinds and diseases of the stomach. It will cure you if you will try it, write for handsomely illustrated book. Sent Free.

Bedford Mineral Springs Co., Bedford, Pa.

SOLID GOLD FILLED WATCH
Guaranteed 20 Years.
FREE A genuine gold filled watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you this elegant watch by express for examination, and if you think it equal in appearance to any $50.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, $7.95, and it is yours. We send with it our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or wear the case at the end of six months we will give you ONE FREE. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for sixty days only. Address
THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE
GUNNELL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.

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1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '86. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!
THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "In the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know as much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE, THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 1's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

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Humorous.

THE CANDIDATE.

Poor pa is worried most to death,
In dreams he talks about a "slate,"
And raves of "fights" with fearful breath
Since he became a candidate.

His clothes smell horrid of cigars,
And nasty beer he used to hate,
We watch for hacks instead of cars
Since pa became a candidate.

—U. S. NOSE.

A Lady who was Raised in the South.

Overland—the sky.

Apt to be henpecked—a grain of corn.

The man who buckles down to business runs but little chance of being strapped.

A young lady does not exactly have an option on a young man, but if he proposes she has the refusal of him.

"I'll be awful glad when paw swears on smokin' again," said Tommy. "This is the fourth fightin' I've got in three days."

A learner on skates is apt to feel hurt at his repeated collisions with the ice, but he should remember amid his injuries that he struck it first.

Mr. Staylong: "Do you believe in long courtships, Miss Laura?"

Miss Laura: "I don't believe in more than six or eight hours at a session."

Boy: "The bookkeeper kicked me, sir."

Employer: "Well, I don't have time to attend to all those little details myself."

He: "What sort of an engagement ring shall it be, Fanny?"

She: "Solid gold, Charles. I'm so tired of wearing imitation gold for engagements."

Storekeeper: "A 16-inch collar to a 14-inch shirt? What are the extra two inches for?"

Customer: "A boil, and don't you forget it."

"How does Editor Scrabbleton manage to get a reputation for originality?"

"He waits till all the other people have expressed their views and then disagrees with them."

"Doctor," said the medical student, "is a blind man apt to be an idiot?"

"Why, no. What makes you ask that?"

"The adage says: 'Out of sight, out of mind.'"

Hostess: "Will you have a piece of pie, Georgie?"

Georgie: "Yes'm, but please make it double size, because ma told me not to ask for two pieces."

Widow Yallerby: "Wondah how Ebbonie ebber won his title ob colonel," Johnsing: "Just from his skin, mum. Don't yer know dat de Col. he puts in front ob his name am only de short fo' colored?"

Julia: "My husband is very hard to please."

Maud: "He must have changed lots since he married you."

And now they don't speak, some how.

Smart Nephew, of the city: "When you go to your hotel, Uncle Heighcoddo, be sure not to blow out the gas."

Uncle Heighcoddo, who knows a thing or two: "Well, I guess not. What did I bring a candle snuffer all the way from Prairietown for, anyhow?"

"How long has he been preaching?" asked the stranger, as he came in during the sermon and took a seat in a back pew.

"Thirty or forty years, I think," replied the old member; "but I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay then. He must be nearly done," said the stranger.

"Your house is in better condition than when I took it," said the tenant. "I have improved it, sir, so that it is worth $1,000 more than it was."

"As much as that?" said the landlord. "We must now add sixty dollars to the rent to keep the rate up to 6 per cent."

Mr. Bumptious: "Oh, I like to sit by you, Miss Bell."

Miss Bell, who is exclusive: "And so do I."

Mr. Bumptious, puzzled for the moment: "But—er—how's that?"

Miss Bell: "I like to sit by myself."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

I like babies, and so it is a pleasant task to write what they are to wear—those who have fairy godmothers, I mean, and who can have the pretty things that only money can buy and leisure can complete.

The most useful as well as most expensive little gowns are knit of silk, just like a stocking, with more or less ornamentation on the edges and on sleeves and to define outlines. Some of these made in colored washable silk make the richest of tiny frocks to wear over guimpes. The guimpe can be of muslin or wash silk, as suits the season. Many mothers pass their spare time knitting them. There is a picture of one with this, showing the back. The front reaches straight from the yoke to the bottom, with an edging on each side, but no ribbon. The chubby little chap is 2-year-old in a frock of tricot flannel, the trimming being feather stitching in silk of a contrasting color. This garment is suitable alike for girls and boys. The wool tricoting is very strong and flexible and will not tear and never seems to wear out, which makes it a very useful fabric for these tots who roll and crawl quite as much as they walk, and it is also light in weight. It can be secured in all light solid colors and also in stripes. Tiny hand knit socks and stockings are much more fashionable for small children than they were, and the baby that wears such is considered an aristocrat—generally a "bloated one" at that.

A very pretty frock for a little girl of about 6—we say frocks for children, you know—is of soft wool in the color that becomes her best, if the mother has her choice and is not obliged to make over her own old ones. There is a yoke and forearms of some novelty brocade, or if preferred they can be of the same material, braided with gold soutache. The skirt is plain and the waist shirred on. There is a sash of soft surah to match. The whole plan is simple, pretty and serviceable.

FOR THE BABIES.

Hats for the children are the biggest when they are smallest, paradoxically speaking, and this year they are made so that they bend and dent in every direction, but look all the more artistic. Soft and fluffy plumes, big satin bows and a lovely bunch of spring flowers are seen on the newest, according to taste, but some of them have all three at once.

For little girls from 7 to 10 years the gowns are made plain and neat, with very little ornamentation. From 10 to 15 the skirts are almost always plain, but the waists are—some of them—quite elaborate and interchangeable with different skirts, so that with one waist can be worn three or four different skirts.

One such corsage was made with a pointed Eton jacket front of navy blue brocade, with vest collar and under-sleeves of pale blue surah, with the edges of the ruffle embroidered in open pattern, something quite new, on silk. The collar was high, and in front was a bow and jabot of the embroidered silk. With this waist there were four skirts, one of dark blue cashmere with a piping of pale blue on the upturned hem; a pale blue cashmere with feather stitching in white and dark blue mingled; a prune colored crepon made quite plain except for a very narrow quilling of pale blue at the bottom under the hem and scarcely visible from the outside. The fourth was a dark moss green, and this was cut bell shape and piped down every seam with pale blue. This made really quite a handsome wardrobe with small expense and trouble, as it is the waist in these days that gives the most trouble.

A Russian blouse of black lace and velvet, within a richly beaded girdle, makes another most useful corsage for a growing girl, as its loose and graceful draperies distract the eye from the awkwardness of the unformed figure. In making this a lining to the waist portion of black lace silk is a good plan, but it should be positively, as often the blouse would be worn over some entire costume and the color should show through. It opens upon the left shoulder and from there down under the velvet band. It could be made of white lace, but black is the handsomest.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Here are a few items about sauces and garnishes:

Apple sauce is for roast goose.

Mint is for roast lamb, hot or cold.

Horseradish is used for roast beef and fish.

Barberries, fresh or preserved, go with game.

Sliced Seville oranges for wild duck, widgeons and teal.

Currant jelly is used with game; also for custard or bread pudding.

Parsley is the commonest garnish for all kinds of cold meat, poultry, fish, etc.

Slices of lemon are used for boiled fowl, turkey and fish, and for roast beef and calf's head.

Some things to remember when carving:

If there is any roe a part should be placed on each plate.

Beef's heart should be cut out in thin slices and served hot.

A guest should say whether he prefers the roast rare or well done.

Tongue must be cut very thin; the central portions are the choicest.

The head pieces of all fish are considered the most delicate and desirable.

Great care must be exercised in the carving of fish to keep the flakes from falling to pieces.

A haunch of venison should be carved in slices down to the bone, from the broad end upward.

Have plenty of room upon the platter and in its vicinity; a great many mishaps are thus prevented.

A few drops of lemon juice and a little pepper and salt improve the flavor of mutton wonderfully.

The sirloin of beef should be cut in thin slices, a portion of the upper part and the tenderloin going on each plate.

Tea plates with family photographs upon them are considered the most delicate and complimentary things one can place before a guest.

It is quite the fashion of the moment to have bouillion cups alike in shape, but different in color and design—a caprice that has its economical side in cases of breakage.

A new effect in embroidery is done on coarse white net. On this hand-painted satin flowers, like chrysanthemums, poppies or iris, are painted in a design upon coarse satin. These are cut out and pasted on the net and, when dry, stretched on very close and strong. This work is most effective for portieres or panels for large screens.

In a small family a large cold boiled ham after several appearances is apt to lead to aggressive criticism. In harmony with that sympathetic attitude which should be maintained toward the gentler sex, we offer a suggestion which may soften some of the asperities of domestic life. Cut in slices the remains of the offending ham. Place in a stewpan a can of tomatoes, a few stalks of celery and two onions. Boil these until the product is sufficiently soft; then pass it through a sieve. Thicken to a proper consistency with a generous lump of butter rubbed in some cornstarch. When this now clear starch is boiling put in the slices of ham, being careful not to break them. When they are thoroughly heated serve with the sauce in the same dish.

The proper arrangement of draughts for the ventilation of sleeping rooms has perplexed all. One thing, however, is certain. It has been proved by actual experiment that a layer of air lies against the walls which is subject to very little movement, even when there is a strong circulation in the middle of the room. It is, therefore, important that a bed should not be placed close to the wall. If kept there during the daytime, it should be moved at least several inches out into the room at night. Alcoves and curtains should be avoided. In an alcove inclosed on three sides a lake of air forms, which may be compared to the stagnant pools often observed along the margin of rivers. A few yards away a rushing tide may be moving swiftly along, but these placid pools are unruffled by the current.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect February 15, 1893.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—3.35 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, (24th and Chestnut sts., 6.20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.35, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 6.30, 8.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily, Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,
Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.55, 8.20, 9.25, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 5.25, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 5.25, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pier or two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 4.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.30 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.55 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 5.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.46, 5.15, 8.10, 8.40 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT MARKET AND TWELFTH STS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.30 for Reading and Pottsville.
8 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 9.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 3.45 pm. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00 8.30, 8.20, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 2.00, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Gibbsboro, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 3.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.30 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 60 South Third street, and 23 South Fortieth street. West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

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